THE SECOND LASH OF ALAZONOMASTIX, laid on in mercie upon that ſtubborn youth *Eugenius Philalethes*:

OR

A Sober Reply to a very uncivill Anſwer to certain OBSERVATIONS upon *Anthropoſophia Theomagica*, and *Animâ magica abſcondita*.

Proverb.

He that reprooves a ſcorner, gets to himſelf a blot.

Eccleſiaſtic.

Be not proud in the device of thine own mind, leſt thy ſoul rend thee as a Bull.

Printed by the Printers to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*. 1651.

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THE SECOND LASH OF *Alazonomastix:*

Conteining a solid and serious

REPLY

to a very uncivill Answer to certain

OBSERVATIONS

upon *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, and *Anima Magica Abscondita.*

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He that reproves a scorner, gets to himself a blot.

Ecclesiastic.

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Printed by the Printers to the University of *Cambridge.* 1651.

To his singularly accomplish'd friend Mr. *John Finch.*

SIR,

I Know that your modestie cannot but be much amazed at this unexpected Dedication. But the causes once discovered admiration will cease. *Eugenius*, as little children use to do (who fallen into the dirt by their own folly, commonly make a lamentable complaint to their Father or Mother against them that help them up, as if they had flung them down) has told a hideous storie to his Tutour, as if I had soyl'd him and dirtied him, when as I onely reminded him that he lay in the dirt, which in this case is all one as to help him out of it. Wherefore, that I might hold up the humour every way of opposing my Adversary (as I must for fashion-

ſake call him) he making his falſe and grievous Accuſation to his Tutour, I thought fit to direct this my true and pleaſant Reply to you my Pupil.

But if I ſhould ſay, that this is ſo much as the leaſt part of what moved mè to this act, I confeſſe I ſhould diſſemble. For to ſay nothing of the Nobleneſſe of your Deſcent, which is held ordinarily a ſufficient ground for ſuch a reſpect as this: it is indeed the Sweetneſs and Candour of your nature, your great Civilitie and Pleaſantneſſe of Converſation, your miraculous Proficiencie in the choiceſt parts of Philoſophy, your egregious Perſpicacity and kindly Wit, your generous Freedome of ſpirit, and true Nobleneſs of mind (whom the ſurly countenance of ſad Superſtition cannot aw, but the lovely face of Vertue, and radiant Beautie of Divine Knowledge do moſt potently command to approve and proſecute what is really beſt) that has extorted this Teſtimony of love and reſpect from

Your affectionate friend to ſerve you,

Alaz. Philalethes.

To his learned Friend *Alazonomastix Philalethes*, upon his Reply.

DEar friend! as oft as I with care peruse
This strange Reply of thine, I cannot chuse
But wonder at thy rare Complexion, (one.
Where Wit, Mirth, Judgement thus conspire in
Where Inspirations which make others mad
Unto thy Reason, grace and credit add;
And Passion, that like dungeon dark, do's blind
Proves the free fiery chariot of thy mind.
Go surly Stoick, *with deep-furrowed brow,*
Natures rude Pruner, that wilt not allow (pears
What's right & good. Here nought too much ap-
Unless on thy shorn head thine own large ears.
Since Mastix *merry rage, all now beleeve*
Passion's an arm of man, no hanging sleeve.
Brave generous Choler! whose quick motions pierce
Swift like the lightning through the Universe;

And in their hasty course as on they fare
Do cleanse mens souls of vice, as that, the Air.
Noble Contention! which like brushing winds
That sweep both Land and Sea, doth purge our (minds.
It is thy free and ever-active fire
That roosteth men from snorting in the mire:
And rooz'd, thy aw makes them to tread the stage
In a due Order and right Equipage.
Thy hiss more dreadfull is then wounding sting
Of serpents teeth, that certain death do bring:
And conscious souls start at thy laughter loud
As at a Thunder-clap broke from a cloud,
When Jove *some flash of world-rebuking wit*
Lets flie, and faultless Gods all laugh at it:
For so ridiculous vice in ugly guize
Is made the sport and pastime of the wise.
But when fond men themselves to their own face
Have their foul shapes reflected, the disgrace
And conscience of deformity so stings
Their gauled minds, and fretted entrayls wrings,
That even grown wild with pain in vain they tire
Themselves, to shake off this close searching fire;
That sticks like burning pitch, and makes them
As Hercules *wrapt in the* Centaurs *blood.*(wood

This

This is thy fate, Eugenius! *Thy odde look*
Reflected to thy self from Mastix *book,*
Has so amaz'd thee with the sudden glance,
That all thy wits be struck into a trance.
But Grief and Vengeance thou dost so revive,
As if to them alone thou wert alive.
And onely takest care with language foul
To soyl his person, that would clense thy soul.
Thus the free chearfull Sun with his bright rayes
Shines upon dunghils, fens, and foul high-wayes,
While they return nought back for his pure beams
But thick unwholsome mysts & stinking steams.
But yet at length neare his Meridian *height*
Dispells the Morning-fogs by fuller light.
Go on brave Mastix *then, those noysome fumes*
Thy first appearance rais'd, sure this consumes,

Joannes Philomastix,

To the Reader.

Reader,

IF thou haſt peruſed my Obſervations upon the two Magicall Treatiſes of *Eugenius Philalethes*, and his Anſwer to them, I do not doubt but that ſeeming and perſonated ſharpneſſe of mine will now ſeem juſt nothing at all, to thy indifferent judgement; if thou compare it with his unchriſtian bitterneſſe and inhumane railings againſt me. For mine own part, I was ſo farre from all malice, that if I have treſpaſſed, it was from that over-pleaſantneſſe of temper I was in, when I wrote: which made me perhaps too heedleſſe how much I might diſpleaſe the party with whom I dealt, being ſecure of the truth of that ſaying in the Poet,

---Ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat?---

But I find that I have ſo nettled him unawares, as if his ſenſes lay all in his backſide,

and

and had left his brains deſtitute. Which hath made him very ill-favouredly wrong both himſelf, the Rod, and the Correctour. Verily if I had thought his retentive faculty had been ſo weak, I would not have fouled my fingers with medling with him. Nor would I now lay on this ſecond gentle laſh (I ſeeing the diſpoſition of my young *Eugenius*) if it were not as well to wipe my ſelf, as to whip him. I could have been content to have been repreſented to the world as ignorant of Nature and Philoſophy, as he hath by his bold and very bad ſpeeches to me, endeavoured to repreſent me. For I am not bound in conſcience to know Nature, but my ſelf; nor to be a deep Philoſopher, but to be and approve my ſelf a plain and honeſt Chriſtian. This forced me to this Reply. But I thought fit to caſt in alſo, what will prove me no leſſe a Philoſopher, then no Rayler.

But I am not contented to juſtifie my ſelf onely from the ſucceſſe; but to thy further ſatisfaction, I ſhall not think much to acquaint thee with my purpoſes and principles. The truth is, *Eugenius*, though he be ſo highly

ly conceited of himself, that he thinks his worth is great enough to contract my envy; yet he is so little in my eyes, and my self (I thank God) so little envious, that in this regard he is not at all considerable to me. But my drift was to whip that *Genius* and dispensation he is for the present under, upon *Eugenius* his own back, as having deserved to be an instrument to so good an end. And I perswade my self there are those parts and that freedome in some measure already in this young Philosopher, that in a little time he will say that he deserved this correction, & will laugh for companie at the merry punishment, and will freely confesse that I am his brother *Philalethes*, a lover of him and of Truth: And that he that whipped the money changers out of the Temple, is as much the first *Mastix*, as *Adam* the first *Magicus*. But for the present he is under that dispensation which is as pernicious to the nature of man and Christianity it self, as it is, to the sober and wise, ridiculous. For he is even in a feaverish thirst after knowledge and fame, & (as he hath made it manifest to the world)

more

more after fame by farre then knowledge. Wherefore, I obſerving in his Theomagicall tumour and loftineſſe nothing but confident miſapplying or conceitedly interpreting the holy Writ, the drift and meaning whereof is farre above all naturall Philoſophy or tricks of Magick whatſoever: and then a ſleighting and ſcorning thoſe that, I dare ſay, he doth not underſtand, who yet are very rationall and intelligible, I mean ſuch as *Des Cartes:* and down right rayling againſt the *Ariſtoteleans* and *Galeniſts*, who yet have many ſober and uſefull truths amongſt them: Moreover, I noting a melancholick, flatuous and heedleſſe phanſie to appear in his writings, clothed with ſonorous and amazing terms, ſuch as might rather aſtoniſh the ignorant, then teach the docible: Add unto al this, that it is too too common a diſeaſe now adayes to be driven by heedleſſe intoxicating imaginations under pretenſe of higher ſtrains of Religion and ſupernaturall light, and by bidding adieu to ſober reaſon and a purified mind, to grow firſt fanaticall, and then Atheiſticall and ſenſuall, even almoſt to the height of abhorred

Gnoſticiſme:

Gnosticisme: I thought in good earnest it was very fit, out of my indignation to Foolery and Imposture, out of my detestation to Beastlinesse, Atheisme, and Sensuality, and lastly, out of that honourable respect and tender affection I bear to the Plainesse and Simplicity of the life of Christ and true divine Wisdome, to take occasion to write in such a manner as I did, and to discountenance that *Genius*, that defaces the new appearing face of Christendome, and is a reproach to that just liberty that belongs to all those that seek after God in sincerity and truth.

I but you will say, This indeed may be well meant: But what title or right have you to intermeddle, or to correct another mans follies? This is usurpation and incivility. To this may many things be answered. It is true; The inward rottennesse of men hath made very smooth laws to themselves in favour of their own follies and vices, and mutuall connivence at what is bad is held the best manners; as if mankind pack'd and conspired together to keep wickednesse warm in her usurped seat by never taking the boldnesse to examine

mine her title.. But to judge more charitably of the generations of men, I think it is more out of ſelf-love, then love to her, and out of a tender dotage toward this impoſturous knot of Atoms, our earthly Perſonality. Which yet I thought I was more favourable to here, having to do onely with fictitious names not any known Perſon. But it doth not follow, Though this be the mode, that therefore it is the right faſhion: and *Quando ego non curo tuum, nè cura meum,* is but ſurlely ſaid of the old man in the Comedy. That's the principle of *Cain, Am I my brothers keeper?* There was more divine generoſity in that noted *Cynick*, then in civility it ſelf, when it is ſo ſoft, that it will not prick nor hurt vice. He would not ſpare to ſpeak where things went amiſſe, however he ſped for it; *tanquam Pater omnium, tanquam Frater omnium,* as they report of him. And I think I have ſped ill enough for my but ſeaſonable ſpeaking.

But if this be to appeal to too high a law, I anſwer further, that *Eugenius* had forfeited his priviledges he might claim by the laws of civility, he himſelf having ſo uncivilly dealt with

with others, that are above all compariſon better then he. I but you 'll ſay, Why do you make him ſo ridiculous in your reproving him? Single reproof had been enough. I anſwer, I did not make him ridiculous, but found him ſo. He put on himſelf the pyde coat, and I onely drew aſide the curtain. Did not the *Thracian* Girl rightly laugh at *Thales* when ſhe ſee him ſtumble into a ditch, whiles he was ſtaring up at the ſtarres? And are not they as ridiculous, that pretend to Seraphick myſterious Theories, and are not maſters yet of common ſenſe, and plaineſt truths of Chriſtianity? That ſtumble at the threſhold, or rather grope for the dore as the blinded *Sodomites?* All the faculties of man are good in themſelves, and the uſe of them, is at leaſt permitted to him, provided that with ſeaſonable circumſtances and upon a right object. And I have made it already manifeſt that my Act was bounded with theſe cautions

I but there is yet ſomething behind unſatisfied. Though *Eugenius* be ridiculous; yet is it not ridiculous, for one that pretends ſo much to the love of Chriſtianitie as your ſelf,

ſo

so publickly to laugh at him? That pinches indeed. Why! am I so venerable a Personage? I am sure I never affected to seem any such to the world yet. I wear no sattin ears, nor silk cap with as many seams as there are streaks in the back of a lute. I affect neither long prayers nor a long beard, nor walk with a smooth-knobbed staff to sustein my Gravity. If I be a Precisian, as *Eugenius* would have me, it must be from hence that I precisely keep my self to the naked truth of Christianity. As for Sects, Ceremonies, superstitious Humours, or specious garbs of Sanctimony, I look on them all, if affected, as the effects of Ignorance, or masks of Hypocrisie. And thus am I φιλὸς ἄνθρωπος, a Gentleman in *querpo*, a meer man, a true man, a Christian. One that never thinks himself so great, as to grow unweildy & unready to put himself into any shape or posture for a cõmon good. And I prethee, Reader, why may not such a Christian as this laugh? Or tell me, Who is he in Heaven that laughs them to scorn, that has the opposers of the reigne of Christ in derision? God is not a man that he should laugh,

so

no more then cry or repent, as much as concerns the Divine Essence it self: But as God is in a *Deiform* man he may be said to laugh, and he can be said to laugh no where else. And if he might, yet that which is attributed to God, though κατ' ἀνθρωποπάθειαν, cannot mis-become a good man. Thus, Reader, is your argument against laughing as solidly argued as sportingly laughed out of countenance; and affected austerity made ridiculous by the plain and unaffected reasonings of *Eugenius* his merry Adversary, but

Your sober and serious friend

Alazonomastix Philalethes.

To

To Eugenius Philalethes.

Eugenius,

THe reaſon why you heard not from me ſooner, is becauſe yours arrived to my hands later then I exſpected. It was ſo hot it ſeems, that none of my acquaintance had ſo hard and brawny fingers as to indure the dandling of this glowing coal till its conveyance where you would have it. It is a brand from that fire, that hath not onely calcined, but ſo vitrified Eugenius, that it hath made him tranſparent to all the world. All men may ſee now through his glaſſy ſides how unevenly and diſorderly his black heart beats & pants; they need not feel his pulſe to find his diſtemper. Æſops fair water but a little warmed hath proved a very effectuall Emetick for thee, O Philalethes, and hath made thee vomit up thy ſhame and folly in the ſight of the world, as his Accuſer did the figs before his Maſter. So that that which you falſely ſuppoſed me to have

endeavoured, you have fatally brought upon your self, above the desire, I should think, of your bitterest enemies, I am sure beyond the exspectation of me that am your reall friend. I did not endeavour your personall disgrace, but the discountenancing of that, which in my judgement is the disgrace of your person, and many other persons besides. And now that you have done me the greatest despight you can imagine, and show'd your malice to the full, so that in the court of Heaven and according to the doctrine of Christ you are no better then a murderer, yet for all this I am benignly affected to you still, and wish you as much good, as I do those, that never endeavoured to provoke me. And really I speak it from my soul, if it lay in my power to do it, you should find it. But for the present, I could in my judgement do nothing more proper, considering all circumstances, then what I have done, and still do, in advertising you of what is for the best. And truly, (looking upon you in some sort as a Noctambulo, one that walks in his sleep) that book which hath proved so mischeivous a scandal, I intended onely for a stumble to wake you, (that you might shrugg and rub your eyes, and

see

see in what a naked condition you are,) not a stone of offense for you to fall upon and hurt you. But you are fallen and hurt, and yet do not awake, as if Mercuries *rod, or I know not what other force of Magick still held fast your eyes. You onely mutter against the present disturbance, as one shogged while he dreams upon his pillow, but you still sleep. You cry out as one cramp'd in your bed, but your closed sight can not discern whether it be a friend in sport or for better purpose, or whether it be your foe to torture you. Awake* Eugenius! *Awake, Behold, it is I, your sportfully troublesome friend, or what you will in due time acknowledge, though in this present drousie humour you puff at it, and kick against it,*

Your carefull and vigilant brother

ALAZONOMASTIX PHILALETHES.

¶ The second Lash of *Alazonomastix.*

AND now, *Eugenius*, if it be as lawfull for me to speak to one asleep, as it was for *Diogenes* to talk to Pillars and Posts that are not in a capacity of ever being awake: Let me tell you (to begin with your Title-page first) that you do very much undervalue and wrong your self, that you being a gentleman of that learning and parts that you are, you will thus poorly condescend to that contemptible trade of a Mouse-catcher: And that you are not content to abuse your self onely, but you do abuse Scripture too, by your ridiculous applying S^t. *Pauls* fighting with beasts at *Ephesus*, to your combating with, and overcoming of a mouse. Truly, *Philalethes*, I think, they that have the meanest opinion of you, would give you their suffrage for a taller office then

this, and adjudge you at least worthy of the place of a Rat-catcher.

As for your Epistle Dedicatory, I conceive you have a very indulgent Tutour, else you would not be so bold to utter so foul language in his hearing. You have a very familiar friend of him, if you can without breach of civilitie thus freely vomit up your figs into his bosome.

But for *P. B.* of *Oxenford* his verses, I will onely set this one verse of *Virgil's* against them all;

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.

Thus you see how gladly I would rid my self of all your foul language and fooleries. I have nimbly run through these, I shall leap over the rest as so many dirty ditches. Your slovingly speeches and uncivil raylings, you must seek an answer for them in *Billingsgate*, or amongst the Butchers;

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis.

But where you bring any thing that bears any shew of reason with it, I will (though it be farre below me to answer so foul a mouth) return

return what in the judgement of the sober, I hope will not fail to be approved as satisfactorie.

Pag. 4, and 5.

In these pages you accuse me of very high incivility and immoralitie. And it is an accusation worth the answering, especially being set off with that great aggravation of being committed against one that is a Christian. But verily, *Philalethes*, I do not meet with any man now that takes you to be such, after this *specimen*, as I call it, of your *Kainish* and unchristian dealing with me, whom indifferent judges will not think to have deserved the hundredth part of this revenge. I tell thee, *Eugenius*, there is no Christian but who is partaker of the holy unction, τῆς θείας φύσεως, *of the divine Nature*, and of that pure and peaceable love. But if thou thinkest thy mere Baptisme will make thee a Christian (while in the mean time thy heart is possessed of uncleanness and hatred, which the law of Christ interprets murder) the heathen Poet is able to shew thee thy grosse errour in this point;

Ah nimiùm faciles! qui tristia crimina cædis
Flumineâ tolli posse putatis aquâ,
Oh fools and credulous! that think you may
By water wash sad guilt of bloud away.

But to the accusation and charge it self: which is this; That I say you are *Simon Magus-like, a Heated noddle, a Mome, a Mimick, an Ape, a mere Animal, a Snail, a Philosophik hog, a Nip-cruſt, a Pick-pocket, a Niggard, Tom fool with a devils head and horns, one that desires to be a Conjurer more then a Christian.* This is the first part of your charge. But before I answer to the particulars of it, or proceed to the other, these two things are to be noted; First, that you have drained all the sharper humour that was but thinly disperſed through the body of my book into two narrow places, that you may make them appear like two angry boyls, or malignant pushes in the bodie; which if it were done in the soundest body that is, there would be the like seeming distemper. Secondly, it is to be considered that I did profesſe that I would put my self in some seeming posture of harshneſſe and incivilitie, that I might shew you your

your own reall miscarriage to others, by imitating and personating the same toward your self. But the thing that I contend for now, is, that this personated incivility and harshnes of mine is nothing so harsh and uncivill as you do here make it, as will appear from the causes or occasionall circumstances of this hard language you have thus culled out. For to begin with the first: You having a designe to seem no smal thing in the world, and also pretending to Magick; how easily, how naturally do's it fall into the mind of a man, to compare you to *Simon Magus* in these regards? And if you did not walk as all touchy proud men do, as it were with their skins flean off, such a light thing as this would not smart nor hurt you so sore.

Heated noddle. That's the onely mischief of it that it is true, and your flame and smoke is as conspicuous as that of *Aetna* and *Vesuvius*:

---- Quis enim celaverit ignem?
Enitet indicio prodita flamma suo.
For who can fire conceal? whose flame shoots out
And shining shews it self to all about.

As

As your heat and fire has sufficiently done, especially in this your last against me, to your great credit: I am sure to mine, for you have writ so as if you intended to save me from all suspicion of being mistaken in you.

A *Mome*, a *Mimick*, and an *Ape*. I onely said that you were more like those then *Aristotle*: And if you distrust my judgement, I pray you ask any body else.

And to call you a *mere Animal* occasionally in our dispute, *Whether the world be an Animal or no*: what rudeness is there in it? worse then this is held no incivilitie betwixt those two famous Philosophers *Cardan* and *Scaliger*, whom your Magisterialness has made bold to use at least as coursely, as I seem to have used you. But you would it seems have the whole Monopoly of reprehension to your self. And much good may it do you *Eugenius*. My generous liberty of speech has been so well entertained by some in the world, that I shall take up that prudentiall resolution for the future, *Si populus decipi vult, decipiatur.*

A Snail. But that a poore snail should stick

stick in your stomach so, *Philalethes*, I much wonder at it. Certainly as fair as you bid for a Magician, yet I perceive you will be no Gypsie by your abhorrencie from this food.

But a *Philosophic Hog*: There's a thwacking contumely indeed. Truly you are young, *Eugenius*: and I pray you then please your self, if you had rather be called a Philosophick pig. But then you would be afraid that some Presbyterian may click you up for a tithe-pig, and eat you. (This is a pig of your own sow, *Phil.* a piece of your own wit.) But being a Philosophick pig you may be secure: That's too tough meat for a country Presbyter. But I prethee *Phil.* why art thou so offended at the term of *Philosophick Hog*? The meaning is onely, That thou wouldst pretend to see invisible essences, as that creature is said to see the wind. Do's Christ call himself thief, when he sayes that his coming shall be as a thief in the Night? Peace, for shame Caviller, peace.

Niggard and *Nip-crust*, *viz.* of your Theomagicall notions. That's all I said: And I am such a Nip-crust and Niggard of my speech, that I will say no more. *Pick-*

Pick-pocket. To this I answer fully a
Observat. 26. pag. 64. where I shew tha
there being no suspicion at all of any such
fact in you, it makes the conceit harmless
and without scurrility. And as little scurri-
lous is that which follows, *viz. Tom-fool,
with the devils head and horns*. For my
speaking of it in such sort as I did, implye
onely that I look upon you as a merry wag
playing the child and fooling behind th
hangings, and putting out your head by fits
with a strange vizard to scare or amaze you
familiar comrades and companions. And
pray you, what bitternesse is in all this? Bu
you have made the foulest, uglyest vizar
for me in this your book, and put it on my
head, to make the world believe that I were
both fool and devil incorporate into one per-
son. And this you have done out of malice
Magicus, and implacable revenge. But I wish
you had some black bag or veil, to hide you
shame from the world: That is the worst
wish you.

*One that desires to be a Conjurer more then t
be a Christian*; If you like not *Conjurer*
write

write *Exorcist*. That's all I would have meant by it. There is a Conjuring *out* as well as a Conjuring *up* the devil. And I wish you were good at the former of these, for your own sake.

But now to apply my Emollient to the other boyl you have made in the body of my little book. You have made the sharp humour swell into this second bunch by your unnaturall draining. *A fool in a play, a Fackpudding, a Thing wholly set in a posture to make the people laugh, a giddy phantastick Conjurer, a poor Kitling, a Calfshead, a vaunting Mountebank, a Pander, a sworn enemy to reason, a little scull, no good Christian, an Otter, a water-Rat, Will with the wisp*, and *Meg with the Lanthorn, Tom-fool in a play, a naturall Fool.*

A fool in a play, a Fackpudding, &c. Let the Reader consult the place if there be not a reasonable occasion of reminding you of your over much lightnesse, you taking so grave a task upon you as to be a publick Professour of Theomagicks.

A giddy phantastick Conjurer. No Conjurer there but a Phantastick. I admit in you

the

the leſſer fault to diſcharge you of the grea
er. Is this to revile you, or befriend you?

A poor Kitling. Poor Kitling! Take it i
to thy lap, *Phil.* and ſtroke it gently: I wa
rant thee it will not hurt thee. Be not ſo ſhi
why thou art akin to it, *Phil.* by thy own con
feſſion. For thou art a Mouſe-catcher whic
is near akin to a Cat, which is alſo a catche
of mice: and a Cat is ſire to a Kitling.

A Calfshead. I did not call thee Calfshea
Eugenius, but ſaid that no Chymiſt cou
extract any ſubſtantiall viſible form out
thy brains, whereby they may be diſtinguiſh
ed from what lies in a Calfshead. And
vanting Mountebank is no more, then vantin
like a Mountebank. And there is a vaſt di
ference in ſimply calling you *Pander*, and cal
ling you *Pander to Madam Nature*: who, a
you confeſſe, complains of your proſtitu
tions.

A ſworn enemy to reaſon. Why, Do yo
not pray againſt reaſon, *A logicâ libera nu
Domine?* And I think any body would ſwea
you are a reall enemy to that you pray a
gainſt, unleſſe your devotions be but
mockery.

A shittle skull. My words were, *Did your sculler or shittle skull.* I hope you do not think, that I meant your skull was so flue and shallow that boyes might shittle it, and make ducks and drakes on the water with it, as they do with oyster-shels: Or that your self was so Magicall, that you could row to the crystall rock in it, as witches are said to do on the seas in an egg-shell. Excuse me, *Phil.* I meant no such high mysteries. It was onely a pittyfull dry clinch, as light as a nut-shell: something like that gingle of thine, *Nation* and Indig*nation.*

No good Christian. In that place you bad us show you a good Christian, and you would &c. There I inferre, that (you being at all other times so ready to show your self, and here you slinking back;) you were conscious to your self that you were no good Christian.

Otter and water-Rat. I said onely that you did waddle on toward the river *Usk* like an Otter or water-Rat.

Will with the wisp, and Meg with the Lanthorn. I do not call you *Will*, nor *Meg:* but tell you

you, If you walk by River sides and marish places, you may well meet with such companions there as those, to take a turn or two with you.

Tom-fool in a play. Why, is not your name *Tom?* They tell me it is *Tom Vaughan* of *Jesus Colledge* in *Oxford.* Well then *Tom*, Do not you make your self an Actour in a play? For these are your words: *I will now withdraw and leave the stage to the next Actour.* So here is *Tom* in the play. But where is the fool? say you. Where is the wisest man? say I. My self sayes *Tom Vaughan*, I warrant you. Why, then say I, *Tom Vaughan* is *Tom* fool in the play. For the fool in the play is to be the wisest man, according to the known proverb.

But how will you wipe off that asperson of calling me naturall fool, sayes wise *Tom.* That indeed I confesse impossible, because it was never yet laid on. I said onely, if you had answered the *Aristoteleans sic probo's*, with mere laughter, you would have proved your self a naturall fool. But he hath not done so, nor is *Tom Vaughan* a naturall fool I dare

swear

swear for him. He has too much naturall heat to be a naturall fool. Blesse thee from madnesse, *Tom*, and all will be well.

But there is yet something else behind worse then all this: That all these terms of incivilitie must proceed from spight and provocation. And this you place betwixt the two bilious tumours you have raysed, as a *ductus communis*, or common chanel to convey the sharp malignant humour to swell them to the full. It is true, my words run thus; *That I have been very fair with you, and though provoked, &c.* But this was spoken in the person of an *Aristotelean*, whom your scornfull usage of their Master *Aristotle* you may be sure did and does provoke. But in good truth, *Philalethes*, you did not provoke me at all with your book, unlesse to laugh at you for your Puerilities. I but you have an argument for it, that I was provoked, *viz.* Because your *Theomagicall* discourse has so out-done or undone my *Ballade of the Soul* (as you scornfully call it) that my ignorance in the *Platonick* Philosophy has now appeared to the world. *O rem ridiculam!* Thou art a

merry Greek indeed, *Philalethes*, and art set upon't to make the world sport. Thou dost then professe openly to all the world, that thou hast so high a conceit of thy *Anthroposophia*, that it may well dash me out of countenance with my *Philosophicall Poems*; and that through envie, I being thus wounded, I should by my *Alazonomastix* endeavour for the ease of my grief, to abate thy credit. What a *Suffenus* art thou in the esteeming of thy own works, O *Eugenius?* and of what a pitifull spirit dost thou take *Alazonomastix* to be? I do professe *ex animo*, that I could heartily wish that my self were the greatest *Ignaro* in the world, upon condition I were really no more ignorant then I am: So little am I touched with precellency or out-stripping others. (But thou judgest me to have wrote out of the same intoxicating Principle that thou thy self hast, that is, vain glory.) Or however if there was any thing of that when I wrote those Poems, which, I thank God, if any, was very little; yet long ago (I praise that power that inabled me) I brought it down to a degree far lesse then thy untamed

med Heat for the present can imagine possible. But you 'll say, This is a mysterie above all Magick. What then was the Impulsive of writing against your book? I have told you already, but you are loth to believe me: Mere enmity to immoralitie and foolery. But if it were any thing that might respect my self, it was onely this; That you so carelessely and confidently adventuring upon the *Platonick* way, with so much tainted heat and distemper, that to my better composed spirit you seemed not a little disturbed in your phansie, and your bloud to be too hot to be sufficiently rectified by your brain, I thought it safe for me to keep those Books I wrote out of a spirit of soberness from reprochfull mistake: For you pretending the same way that I seem to be in, as in your bold and disadvantagious asserting, *The soul to pre-exist*, and to come into the bodie open-ey'd as it were, that is, full fraught with divine notions; and making such out-ragiously distorted delineaments of that ἱερὸν ζῶον, as the Stoicks call it, the enlivened Universe, with sundry other passages of like grossnesse, I was a-

afraid that men judging that this affectation of *Platonisme* in you, might well proceed from some *intemperies* of bloud and spirit; and that, there no body else besides us two dealing with these kinds of notions, they might yoke me with so disordered a companion as your self: Reasoning thus with themselves; *Vaughan* of *Jesus* in *Oxenford* holds the *pre-existencie of the Soul*, and other *Platonick* Paradoxes, and we see what a pickle he is in: What think you of *More* of *Christ's*, that writ the *Platonicall Poems?* Nay, what think you of *Platonisme* it self? Surely, it is all but the fruit of juvenile distemper and intoxicating heat. But I say, it is the most noble and effectuall Engine to fetch up a mans mind to true virtue and holinesse, next to the Bible, that is extant in the world. And that this may not suffer, I have suffered my self to observe upon you what I have observed, my young *Eugenius*. This is true, my Friend, to use your own phrase: And that the world may know that I have not wrote like some bestrid *Pythonick* or hackneyed *Enthusiastick*, let them looke & read under what light I sa and sung that divine Song of the Soul. B

But yet, my Muſe, ſtill take an higher flight,
Sing of Platonick Faith *in the firſt* Good,
That Faith *that doth our ſouls to God unite*
So ſtrongly, tightly, that the rapid flood
Of this ſwift-flux of things, nor with foul mud
Can ſtain, nor ſtrike us off from th' Unity
Wherein we ſtedfaſt ſtand, unſhak'd, un-
Engrafted by a deep Vitalitie. (*mov'd,*
The prop and ſtay of things is Gods Benignity.

All's is the rule of His Oeconomie,
No other cauſe the creature brought to light,
But the firſt Goods *pregnant ſecundity:*
He to himſelf is perfect full delight.
He wanteth nought. With his own beams be-
He glory has enough. O blaſphemy! (*dight*
That envy gives to God, or ſowre deſpight.
Harſh hearts! that feign in God a Tyranny
Under pretenſe to encreaſe his ſovereign Majeſty.

When nothing can to Gods own ſelf accrew,
Who's infinitely happy; ſure the end
Of His Creation ſimply was to ſhew
His flowing goodneſſe, which He doth out-
ſend

Not for himſelf: for nought can Him amend,
But to his Creature doth his good impart.
This infinite Good *through all the world doth wend,*
To fil with Heavenly bliſſe each willing heart.
So the free Sun doth light and liven every part.

This is the meaſure of Gods providence,
The Key of knowledge, the firſt fair Idee,
The eye of Truth, the ſpring of living Senſe,
Whence ſprout Gods ſecrets, the ſweet myſtery
Of laſting life, eternall Charity, &c.

And elſewhere in my Poems.

When I my ſelf from mine own ſelf do quit,
And each thing elſe; then an all-ſpreaden love
To the vaſt Univerſe my ſoul doth fit,
Makes me half equall to all-ſeeing Jove. (light,
My mighty wings high ſtretch'd then clapping
I bruſh the ſtars and make them ſhine more bright.

Then all the works of God with cloſe embrace
I dearly hug in my enlarged arms,
All the hid pathes of heavenly love I trace,
And boldly liſten to his ſecret charms,

Then

Then clearly view I where true light doth rise;
And where eternal Night low-pressed lies, &c

This, *Philalethes*, is that lamp of God in the light whereof my Reason and Phansie have wrought thus many years. This is that true Chymicall fire that has purged my soul and purified it, and has crystallized it into a bright Throne, and shining Habitation of the divine Majesty. This free light is that, which having held my soul in it self for a time; taught me in a very sensible manner, that vast difference betwixt the truth and freedome of the Spirit, and anxious impostures of this dark Personality & earthly bondage of the body. This is my Oracle, my Counsellour, my faithfull Instructer and Guide, my Life, my Strength, my Glory, my Joy, my communicated God. This is that heavenly flame and bright Sun of Righteousnesse, that puts out the light, and quenches the heat of all worldly imaginations, and desires whatsoever. All the power and knowledge in Nature that is, all the feats and miraculous performances done by Witches, Magicians, or Devils, they be but toyes and tricks, and are no solid satis-

faction of the soul at all (yea, though we had that power upon lawfull terms) if compared with this. And as for divine knowledge, there is none truly so called, without it. He that is come hither, God hath taken him to his own familiar friend, & though he speak to others aloof off in outward Religions and Parables, yet he leads this man by the hand, teaching him intelligible documents upon all the objects of his Providence; speaks to him plainly in his own language; sweetly insinuates himself, and possesses all his faculties, Understanding, Reason, and Memory. This is the Darling of God, and a Prince amongst men, farre above the dispensation of either Miracle or Prophesie. For him the deep searchers and anxious soliciters of Nature drudge and toyl, contenting themselves with the pitifull wages of vain glory or a little wealth. Poor *Gibeonites*! that hew wood and draw water for the Temple. This is the Temple of God, this is the Son of God, whom he hath made *heir of all things*, the right *Emmanuel*, the holy mystery of the living members of Christ. *Hallelujah*.

From this Principle which I have here ex-

preſſed, have all thoſe Poems I have wrote had their Originall: and as many as are moved with them aright, they carry them to this Principle from whence they came. But to thoſe, whoſe ignorance makes them contemn them, I will onely ſay to them what our Saviour ſaid to *Nicodemus*; *The wind bloweth where it liſteth and thou heareſt the ſound thereof, but knoweſt not from whence it comes nor whither it goes.*

But I am afraid I have ſtood all this time in a little too high a ſtation for thee, my *Philalethes:* I deſcend now and come a little nearer to thee. And now I tell thee further, that thy raſh and unworthy abuſe of *Des-Cartes* did move me to write ſo as I did, more then any perſonall regard elſe whatſoever. For I love the Gentleman for his excellent and tranſcendent naturall wit, and like his Philoſophy as a moſt rationall, coherent, ſubtill peice, and an Hypotheſis accurately and continuedly agreeing with the *Phænomena* of Nature. This is he whom thou calleſt my fellow fool, to thy own great diſparagement. But this is he that I call the wiſeſt Naturaliſt

that

that ever came to my hands. And having not had the good hap to light on such a rare peice of my own invention, I thought it was the best office I could do the world to bestow my judgement and censure of his. And so now you will say I am become so great a *Cartesian* that I begin to think but meanly of *Platonisme*. A wise inference! as if *divine* and *naturall* knowledge were inconsistent. I tell thee no, *Philalethes:* Nor am I become cold to my own Poems. For I say that that divine spirit and life that lyes under them, is worth not onely all the Magick that thou pretendest to, but all that thou art ignorant of beside, yea, and *Des-Cartes* his Philosophy to boot. I say it is worth all that a thousand times told over. *Des-Cartes* Philosophy is indeed a fine neat subtill thing, but for the true ornament of the mind bears no greater proportion to that Principle I told you of, then the dry bones of a snake made up elegantly into a hatband, to the royall clothing of Solomon. But other naturall Philosophies in respect of *Des-Cartes* his, are even lesse then a few chips of wood to a well erected

Fabrick.

Fabrick. But I say that a free divine universalized spirit is worth all. How lovely, how magnificent a state is the soul of man in, when the life of God inactuating her, shoots her along with himself through Heaven and Earth, makes her unite with, and after a sort feel herself animate the whole world, as if she had become God and all things? This is the precious clothing and rich ornament of the mind, farre above reason or any other experiment. And in this attire thou canst not but dance to that Musick of the Sibylle.

Εἰμὶ δ' ἐγὼ ὁ ἐών, (σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῇσι νόησον)
Οὐρανὸν ἐνδέδυμαι. περιβέβλημαι δὲ θάλασσαν,
Γαῖα δέ μοι πνεῦμα ποδῶν περὶ σῶμα κέχυται,
Ἀὴρ δ' ἠδ' ἄστρων με χορὸς περιδέδρομε πάντη.

I am Jehovah, (well my words perpend)
Clad with the frory sea, all mantled over
With the blue Heavens, shod with the Earth I wend, (ver.
The stars about me dance, th' Air doth me co-

This is to become *Deiform*, to be thus suspended (not by imagination, but by union of life, Κέντρον κέντρῳ συνάπτοντα, joyning centers with God) and by a sensible touch to be held up

up from the clotty dark Personality of this compacted body. Here is love, here is freedome, here is justice and equity in the supereſſentiall causes of them. He that is here, looks upon all things as one, and on himself, if he can then mind himself, as a part of the whole. And so hath no self-interest, no unjust malicious plot, no more then the hand hath against the foot, or the ear against the eye. This is to be godded with God, and Christed with Christ, if you be in love with such affected language. But you, O ye cages of unclean birds, that have so begodded your selves, that you are grown foul and black like brutes or devils, what will become of you? O you sinks of sinne! You that have heretofore followed religion to excuse you from reall righteousnesse and holinesse, and now have found a trick to be abominably wicked without any remorse of conscience. You are Gods and Goddesses every bit of you, and all actions in you divine. He leads you up into the bed of a whore, and uncases you both for the unclean Act. And when you tell obscene stories in a rapture, you

you are caught up into God. O you foul mouthes! You blebs of venery, you bags of filth! You dishonour of Christendome and reproach of men! Is not all this righteously come upon you, because you never sought after Religion, as a thing within you, holy, and divine; but as an excuse to save you from wrath, and yet to remain in your sinnes? But that cannot be: You are in the fewell of wrath while you are in your sinnes, and that fewell will be set on fire some time or other. But that you may be secure of wrath you say there is no sinne, but that it is onely a conceit and a name. Is it not a sinne to be lesse happy ten thousand times then God would have you? Doth not both sense and reason discover to you, (I am sure it doth to others) that you walk in the wayes of Hell and death? But you are still secure, you your selves are as much God as any thing else is, and so you may make your Hell as favourable to your selves as you please. But O you fools and blind! I see you cannot, but you are entangled with the cords and snares that the divine *Nemesis* hath laid for the wicked in all the

parts

parts of the world. But you are not yet any thing moved, O ye dead in treſpaſſes and ſinnes! For there is no God, ſay you, more then a dog or a horſe is God. Behold, O ye forlorn wretches and miſerably miſtaken! Behold, He is come down to you: nay, He is ever with you and you ſee him not. Ask of him, and He ſhall anſwer you. Demand of him, and He ſhall declare unto you, not in obſcure words or dark ſayings, not in ænigmaticall ſpeeches or parables; but He will ſpeak unto your own reaſon and faculties which he hath given you: propound therefore unto him why you think the ſoul of man is mortall, and why you deny an omnipotent and omniſcient God diſtinct from Nature & particular Beings: propound unto Him, and He will plainly anſwer you. But alas! alas! you are neither fit to hear nor able to propound; for you have deſtroyed thoſe faculties that he hath given you by ſinning againſt the light of them, and now you have drunk out your eyes, you ſwear there is no Sun in the Firmament: and now you have whored away your brains, you are confident there is

no

no God. O ſunk and helpleſſe generation! how have you ſop'd and ſoaked, overflown and drown'd the higheſt ſeat and *Acropolis* of your ſoul, that through your ſenſuality it is grown as rotten and corrupt as a dunghill? You have made your ſelves as fit to judge of reaſon as if your heads were ſtuffed with wet ſtraw. Theſe things hath the divine Indignation uttered againſt you, but more for reproof then reproach. But your ſinne hath made you ſottiſh, and your ſottiſhneſſe confident and ſecure. But his anger burns againſt you; O you falſe Religioniſts! and the wrath of God will overtake you when you are not aware: and your ſhame ſhall aſcend up like the ſmoke of the bottomleſſe pit, and your ſtink ſhall be as the filthineſſe in the valley of the children of Hinnom. This will be the portion of all thoſe that barter away ſound reaſon and the ſober faculties of the ſoul for boiſterous *words of vanity*, and unſetled conceits of Enthuſiaſts, that having neither reaſon nor ſcripture nor conſpicuous miracle, row down with the ſtream of mens corruptions and ripen and haſten the unclean part

in

in man, to a more full and ſpeedy birth of ſinne and ungodlineſſe. But what's all this to me? ſaith *Philalethes*. I tell thee, *Phil.* I neither wrote before nor do I now write onely for thy ſake, but for as many as my writings may reach for their good. Nor am I out of my wits as ſome may fondly interpret me in this divine freedome. But the love of God compelled me. Nor am I at all, *Philalethes*, Enthuſiaſticall. For God doth not ride me as a horſe, and guide me I know not whither my ſelf; but converſes with me as a friend, and ſpeaks to me in ſuch a Dialect as I underſtand fully, and can make others underſtand, that have not made ſhipwrack of the faculties that God hath given them, by ſuperſtition or ſenſuality: for with ſuch I can not converſe, becauſe they do not converſe with God; but onely pity them, or am angry with them, as I am merry and pleaſant with thee. For God hath permitted to me all theſe things, and I have it under the broad ſeal of Heaven. Who dare charge me? God doth acquit me. For he hath made me full Lord of the foure elements, and hath conſti-

tuted

tuted me Emperour of the world. I am in the *fire of choler* and am not burned: In the *water of phlegme* and am not drowned: In the *aiery sanguine* and yet not blown away with every vain blast of transient pleasure, or false doctrines of men: I descend also into the sad *earthy Melancholy*, and yet am not buryed from the sight of my God. I am, *Philalethes*, (though I dare say thou takest me for no bird of Paradise) *Incola cœli in terrâ*, an inhabitant of Paradise, and Heaven upon Earth: and the *white stone* is mine, however thou scrambleſt for the Philosophers stone. (I wish thou hadst them both, that is all the harm I wish thee.) I still the raging of the sea, I clear up the lowring Heavens, and with my breath blow away the clouds. I sport with the beasts of the Earth, the Lion licks my hand like a Spaniell, and the Serpent sleeps upon my lap and stings me not. I play with the fowls of Heaven, and the birds of the Air sit singing on my fist. All the Creation is before me, and I call every one of them by their proper names. This is the true *Adam*, O *Philalethes*: This is Paradise, Hea-

ven, and Chriſt. All theſe things are true in a ſober ſenſe. And the Diſpenſation I live in, is more happineſſe above all meaſure, then if thou couldſt call down the Moon ſo near thee by thy Magick charms that thou mightſt kiſſe her, as ſhe is ſaid to have kiſſed *Endymion*, or couldeſt ſtop the courſe of the Sunne, or which is all one, with one ſtamp of thy foot, ſtay the motion of the Earth. All this externall power in Nature were but as a ſhop of trinkets and toyes, in compariſon of what I have declared unto you. And an *adulterous generation* onely *ſeeks after a ſigne*, or idiots, ſuch as love to ſtare on a dexterous jugler when he playes his tricks. And therefore they being of ſo little conſideration in themſelves; I ſee and am ſatisfied why miracles are no more frequent in the world. God intends an higher diſpenſation, and greater happineſſe for theſe later times, wherein Divine Love and Reaſon, and for their ſakes Liberty will lay claim to the ſtage. For He will as I told you *draw* us with the *cords of a man*, not *ride* us as with a *bridle* like a horſe, or tug us along like a mad ſtear in a band.

band. He will ſanctifie our inward faculties, and ſo take poſſeſſion of the Earth. But that a man may not deplore what is lamentable, or be angry at what is injurious to God or Goodneſſe, or laugh at what is ridiculous, this is not any part of that Law that is made manifeſt in the Heavenly life, but the arbitrarious precepts of ſupercilious *Stoicks*, or ſurly Superſtitioniſts. For God hath ſanctified and will ſanctifie all theſe things. Nor am I at all mad or fanatick in all this, O you unexperienced and unwiſe! For as our Saviour ſaid of his body, *touch me and handle me*: ſo ſay I of my ſoul: feel and try all the faculties of it if you can find any crack or flaw in them. Where is my Reaſon inconſequent, or inconſiſtent with the Attributes of God, the common Notions of men, the *Phænonema* of Nature, or with it ſelf? Where is my Phanſie diſtorted, unproportionate, unproper? But for the bottome of all theſe, that, I confeſſe, you can not reach to nor judge of, that is *divine ſenſe*, the *white ſtone*, in which there is a name written that none can read but he that hath it. But for the guidance of

my reaſon and imagination, they have ſo ſafe a Stearſman, *viz.* that Divine touch of my ſoul with God, and the impregnation of my Underſtanding from the moſt High, that judgement and caution have ſo warily built the outward fabrick of words and phanſie, that I challenge any man to diſcover any ineptitude in them, or incoherencie.

And now verily the ſerious conſideration of theſe weighty matters have ſo compoſed my mind, that I find it ſome difficultie to diſcompoſe it into a temper childiſh enough to converſe with my young *Eugenius*. But as high as I have taken my ſtation, I will deſcend, and go leſſe my ſelf, to bring him to what is greater. Behold, I leap down as from the top of ſome white rocky cloud, upon the graſſie ſpot where my *Philalethes* ſtands, and I ſhall now begin the game of my perſonated Enmitie, or ſportfull Colluctation with him.

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Be ſure in your next to give me an account of this diſeaſe in what books or perſons, &c. Mouſcatcher, take away thy Trap, and take off the toſted

tosted cheese from off the wire, and with thy fore-finger and thy thumb put it into thine own wide mouth, O thou *Tom Vaughan* of *Wales*.

Lin. 14. *I have found them in your Ballade.* Ballade is a good old English word, from which I abhorre no more then *Spencer*, or *Lucretius* from old Latine, who yet was something younger then *Tully*. Is not the song of *Solomon* called the *Ballade of Ballades*, in some Church-bibles? Thou art so angry that thou art not able to rail with judgement. But what high swoln words of vanitie are there in that Ballade of mine? Thou art so ignorant that terms of Art seem Heathen Greek to thee. But for those words that I interpreted for the ignorants sake(you see what a care I have of you, O unthankfull *Eugenius!*) there is an Apologie prefixt that will satisfie the ingenuous, and for others it matters not.

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Lin. 15. *With a Bull rampant.* You bestow upon me many Bulls, *Eugenius*: But when you are so kind as to give me them for nothing, you may well expect that I will be so

thankfull, as to return you a Calf for every Bull I have *gratis*. *Let us begin, &c. And you indeed have done your part already.* The sense is, But you indeed have done your part already: What is this but an ἐπανόρθωσις? But you have I see as little skill in Rhetorick as Civilitie. The Calf take thee, *Phil.* or take thou the Calf. There is one to begin thy herd.

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Lin. 1. *What, both tell-Troths?* Before thou wast no Rhetorician, now thou art no Logician nor Philosopher, that canst not distinguish betwixt Veritie and Veracitie. Veracitie is enough to make a *Tom Tell-troth*, though his Narration be false. Hence it is demonstrable that two men may be both *Tel-troths*, though their stories be point-blank contrary to one another. The sense of my words is this; You have told what you thought *Aristotle* was blameable in: I will now tell what I think you are blameable in. You may be against *Aristotle*, and I for him, and both with veracitie, though not with veritie.

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Lin. 21. *Found out ſome new truths.* Yes, I ſay there are paſſages in your book, that imply ſo much at leaſt. We ſhall ſee when we come at them: and I ſhall ſhew that you found them before they were loſt.

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Lin. 17. *The third project is the ſame with the firſt.* Why, is to be skilful in Art magick, and to find out new truths all one? It ſeems then you ſuppoſe there are no new Truths to be found out but Magicall ones. Bleſſed age that we live in! All other arts are brought to their *Non plus ultrá*. Phyſicians, Geometricians, Aſtronomians, Aſtrologians, Muſicians, put up your pipes. *Claudite jam rivos pueri.* There is nothing remains to be done by you. All is perfected. But let me ask you one ſober queſtion, *Phil.* Have you gone through all theſe Arts and throughly nnderſtand them, that you do ſo boldly pronounce them compleat and perfect? I know *Philalethes* is not ſo immodeſt as to ſay ſo; I am ſure the world is not ſo fooliſhly credulous as to beleeve ſo. So that I muſt conclude, *Eu-*

genius, that thou art so outragiously distempered in thy mind, that thou art a weaker Arithmetician then the rude *Thracians*. They told to foure, Thou art out at three, and must begin again.

Page 13.

Lin. 11. *How many more syllables in Anthroposophia, then in Antipsychopannychia?* Not so many. So that if I had affected to be so Magical as your learned self, the same conceit would have fitted my Title-page. But I begin now to suspect, you are so nimble at comparing, that your Title-page was a kind of Apish Imitation of mine in the first Edition of my *Song of the Soul*. But wast thou so simple as to think that any bodie thought better of my book for those hard words in the Frontispiece of it? I onely set them there as a wind-mill on a stack of corn, by the clack of it to scare away sparrows and crows, that it might be reserved entire for men. But I perceive for all that, that thy Rooks bill has been pecking there. But much good may it do thee, *Phil.* I envie it thee not.

Page 15.

Page 15.

Lin. 20. *Vim sermonis esse in verbis, &c.* I say, the force and warrant both of Nouns and Verbs is from their use,

Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

But if you will have, *Oratour* to be good and proper: this Epistle of yours must then be no Epistle, though you call it so, but an Oration to the *Fratres R. C.* which you spoke to them when they were God knows where, and they will answer you God knows when. Verily, *Philalethes*, thou art a fine fellow to have made an Oratour of in King *Midas* his time. For he had, they say, very long eares: And so mightest Thou have made an Oration before the King in his absence.

Page 17.

Line 21. *A twofold Definition, Accidentall and Essentiall.* That's true, *Phil.* what Freshman but knows that? But how it is to be understood, I perceive thou dost not know. I am ashamed that I must be fain to rub up in thee the very first rudiments of *Logick*, or rather teach thee them. For couldst thou

ever

ever forget what is meant by *Accidentall*, what by *Essentiall*? *Accidentall* is that which may be or not be in a thing, and yet the thing be: As a horse may be a horse, be it black or white. *Essentiall* is that which so belongs to the thing to which it is said to be Essentiall, that the thing cannot be conceiv'd to exist without it. Now, say I, these faculties of Understanding, Reason, and Sense are essentiall to the soul of man, because we cannot conceive a soul without a power or facultie of understanding, reasoning, &c. And *Aristotle* has defined a soul from these. Therefore would a *Peripatetick* say, with an Essentiall Definition. But *Eugenius*, No: This is but circumstantiall, sayes he. Therefore I do inferre, *Eugenius*, that thou dost dream of knowing the very naked substance of the soul; which thou wilt as soon know, as see the wind. And thus I spoke to that that thou must needs mean, if thou meanest any thing: but it is a plain case, thou dost not know thy own meaning. But *Aristotle* doth sufficiently countenance mine, with what he has verie luckily let fall some where in his *Analyticks*;

To

τὸ ὃ τί ἦν εἶναι ἐξ ὁρισμῶ, ὅτ' ἀποδείξει δεῖ γνῶναι.
And thus is it manifestly true in that sense that you your self meant; That the very essence of any substance is not to be known, nor is there any such Essentiall Definition. This is as true, *Tom. Vaughan*, as two and two are foure, though I do not call you Owl for your ignorance, as you do me for my knowledge. But we shall have another bout again with this, in your *Anima Magica abscondita*.

Page 19. to the 24.

To have made the world as a Carpenter, of stone and timber. Thou hast misplaced a comma in the sentence to make a Cavil. Put on thy spectacles, and see if there be any comma before *of* in my Book. If you understood common sense you could not but understand, that my meaning is this; That you tax the *Peripateticks* for phansying God to have made the world as a Carpenter makes houses of stone and timber. Now pitifull Caviller! But to the point. I say this is a false taxation, *Eugenius:* For the parts of the world, according to the *Peripateticks* own doctrine, are set in this order they are from

an

an inward principle of motion, and their own proper qualities: so that they do as the stones and trees are said to have done at the musick of *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, move of themselves. But the stone and timber in the work of a Carpenter, do not move themselves into their places they ought to be, for the building up of an house. But you answer two things to this: First, that the parts of the world do not move themselves: Secondly, that if they do, then they have infusion of life. To the first: Why, dos not any part of the earth move it self downward, if it be in an higher place then is naturall to it, and the aire and fire upward, &c. and this from an inward principle of motion? Nay, is not the very definition of Nature, *Principium motûs & quietis, &c.* wherefore we see plainly, that according to the *Aristoteleans*, all to the very concave of the Moon have an inward principle of motion. And for the Heavens themselves, the most sober and cautious of the *Peripateticks* hold them to be moved from an inward Principle, their *Forma informans*, as they call it. So that though they do not allow

low life infuſed into the world, yet they allow an inward principle of motion in natural bodies, which is their Subſtantiall Forms, by vertue whereof they are ranged in this order as we ſee; or at leaſt according to which they are thus ranged and ordered. And this is not ſo dead a buſineſſe as the Carpenters building with ſtone and timber. But in the ſecond place, you ſay, That if they have this motion from an inward principle, then they have alſo infuſion of life. But do not you ſee plainly, that (according to the mind of the more ſober *Peripateticks*) they have motion from an inward principle? Therefore you ſhould have been ſo far from taxing them to look upon God as a Carpenter, that you ſhould have concluded rather that they held infuſion of life.

Page 24.

Lin. 1. *Thou haſt abuſed me baſely.* Verily, if that were true I ſhonld be very ſorrie for it: For I would not willingly abuſe any man living, of what condition ſoever. But the thing has happened unluckily. I read thy Book, I knew not thy perſon, nor thy name,

nor

nor thy nature, further then it was expreſt in thy Book, which did not repreſent it ſo ill as now I find it. If I had thought my *Galenical* purge had met with ſuch a conſtitution, I ſhould have tempered it more carefully: For I delight not in the vexation of any man. The truth is, my ſcope in writing that Book was laudable and honeſt, and ſuch as might become a very good Chriſtian, and my mirth and pleaſantneſſe of mind much and reall; but the ſharpneſſe of my ſtyle perſonated, and *Ariſtotelicall*; and therefore being but affected and fictitious, I felt it not, there was no corroſion at all; but all that was unkind in it, (if you will call that paſſion unkindneſſe) was a certain light indignation that I bore, and ever do bear againſt *magnificent folly*. And there being no name to your Book, I thought I had the opportunity of doing it with the leaſt offence, as meeting with the thing diſjoyned and ſingled from the perſon. But I verily think I ſhould not have medled at all, if you had ſpared your incivilities to *Des-Chartes*, whoſe worth and skill in naturall Philoſophy (be it fate or judgement that con-

constrains me to it let the world judge) I can not but honour and admire. He is rayled at but not confuted by any that I see, in his naturall Philosophy, and that's the thing I magnifie him for. Though his Metaphysicks have wit and strength enough too, and he hath made them good against his opposers.

Line 21. *And assure thy self I will persecute thee, so long as there is ink or paper in England.* Assuredly thou wilt not, *Philalethes:* For why, I am dead already, taken in thy trap and tortured to death: will not this suffice thee? I am dead, and thou thy self but mortall, wilt thou entertain immortall enmity against me? But how canst thou persecute me being dead? Wilt thou raise my soul up, O *Magicus*, by thy *Necromancy?* and then combate with me over my grave? I hope thou art but in jest, *Eugenius:* If thou beest not, I must tell thee in good earnest, thy present bitternesse will make thee *Simon Magus* like, as well as thy former boasting. O thou confounded and undone thing! how hast thou shamed thy self! Thy vizard is fallen off, and thy sanctimonious clothing torn from about

about thee, even as it was with the Apes and Monkies, that being attired like men and wearing vizards over their faces did daunce and cringe, and kisse, and do all the gestures of men so artificially and becomingly, that the Countrey people took them to be a lesse size of humane race, till a waggish fellow that had more wit then the rest, dropt a few nuts amongst them, for which they fell a scrambling so earnestly, that they tore off their vizards, and to the great laughter of the spectatours, show'd what manner of creatures they were. O *Magicus!* do not dissemble before me: For thou dost not know with what eyes I behold thee. Were it not better for thee and all the world beside, to make it their businesse to be really and fully possest of those things that are undoubtedly good and Christian, nay, indeed if they be had in the right Principle, are the very buds and branches of the tree of Paradise, the limbs and members of the Divine nature, such as are meeknesse, patience, and humility, discretion, freedome from self-interest, chastity, temperance, equity, and the like: is it

not

not better to seek after these things, then to strain at high words and uncertain flatuous notions that do but puff up the mind and make it seem full to it self, when it is distended with nothing but unwholsome wind. Is not this very true, my dear *Philalethes?*

Line 11. *Upon certain similitudes and analogies of mine.* Now we are come to that rare piece of *Zoography* of thine, the world drawn out in the shape of an *Animal.* But let's view the whole draught as it lies in your book, because you make such a foul noise about it in your answer. Your words are these. *Besides the texture of the Universe clearly discovers its Animation. The Earth which is the visible naturall Basis of it, represents the grosse carnall parts. The element of the water answers to the bloud, for in it the pulse of the great world beats; this most men call the flux and reflux, but they know not the true cause of it. The air is the outward refreshing spirit, where this vast creature breathes though invisibly yet not insensibly: The interstellar skies are his vitall ethereall waters, and the starres his animall sensuall fire.* Now to passe my cen-

ſure on this rare *Zoographicall* peice. I tell thee if thy brains were ſo confuſedly ſcattered as thy phanſie is here, thou wert a dead man *Philalethes*: all the Chymiſtry in the world could not recover thee. Thou art ſo unitive a ſoul, *Phil.* and ſuch a clicker at the ſlighteſt ſhadows of ſimilitude, that thou wouldſt not ſtick to match chalk and cheeſe together I perceive, and muſſitate a marriage betwixt an Apple and an Oyſter. Even thoſe proverbiall diſſimilitudes have ſomething of ſimilitude in them, will you then take them for ſimiles that have ſo monſtrous a diſproportion and diſſimilitude? But you are ſuch a Sophiſter that you can make any thing good. Let's try. The Earth muſt repreſent the fleſh becauſe they both be groſſe: ſo is chalk and cheeſe, or an Apple and an Oyſter. But what think you of the Moon? is not that as much green cheeſe as the Earth is fleſh? what think you of *Venus*, of *Mercury*, and the reſt of the Planets? which they that know any thing in Nature, know to be as much fleſh as the Earth is, that is to be dark & opake as well as ſhee. What! is this fleſh of

the world then torn apeices and thrown about, scattered here and there like the disjoynted limbs of dragg'd *Hippolytus?* Go to *Phil:* where are you now with your fine knacks and similitudes? But to the next Analogie. *The element of water answers to the bloud.* Why? *For in it is the pulse of the great world.* But didst thou ever feel the pulse of the Moon? And yet is not there water too? thou little, sleepy heedlesse *Endymion:* The bloud is restagnant there, I warrant you, and hath no pulse. So that the man with the thorns on his back lives in a very unwholesome region. But to keep to our own station here upon Earth. Dost thou know what thou sayest when thou venturest to name that monosyllable, *Pulse*, dost thou know the causes and the laws of it? Tell me, my little Philosophaster; where is there in the earth or out of the earth in this *World-Animal* of thine, that which will answer to the heart, and the systole and diastole thereof to make this pulse? And beside this, There is wanting rarefaction and universall diffusion of the stroke at once. These are in the pulse of a true *Ani-*

mal, but are not to be found in the Flux of the sea; For it is not in all places at once, nor is the water rarefied where it is. Now my pretty Paraboliſt, what is there left to make your ſimilitude good for a pulſe in your great *Animal* more then when you ſpill your pottage, or ſhog a milk-bowl? But believe it *Eugenius*, thou wilt never make ſenſe of this Flux and Reflux, till thou calm thy phanſie ſo much as to be able to read *Des-Cartes*. But to tell us it is thus from an inward form, *more Ariſtotelico*, is to tell us no more, then that it is the nature of the Beaſt, or to make Latine words by adding onely the termination *bus*, as *hoſibus* and *ſhooſibus*, as Sir *Kenhelm Digby* hath with wit and judgement applied the compariſon in like caſe. But now to put the bloud, fleſh and bones together, of your *World-Animal:* I ſay they bear not ſo great a proportion to the more fluid parts, viz. the vitall and animal ſpirits thereof, as a mite in a cheeſe to the whole globe of the Earth. So that if thou hadſt any phanſie or judgement in thee, thy ſimilitude would appear to thine own ſelf outragiouſly ugly and diſproportionable.

tionable, and above all meaſure ridiculous: Nor do not think to ſhuffle it off, by demanding, If there be ſo little earth, to tell thee where it is wanting. For I onely ſay, that if the world be an *Animal*, there will be much bloud and fleſh wanting, *Philalethes*, for ſo great a Beaſt. Nor do not you think to blind my eyes with your own Tobacco ſmoke, (I take none my ſelf, *Eugenius*,) For to that over ordinary experiment, I anſwer two things. Firſt, that as you look upon the parts of the body of a true *Animal*, in the ſame extenſion that they now actually are, not how they may be altered by rarefaction; ſo you are alſo to look upon the parts of your *World-Animal*, as they are *de facto* extended, not how they may be by rarefaction. And thus your Argument from Tobacco, will vaniſh into ſmoke. But if you will change the preſent condition, of any leſſer *Animal* by burning it, and turning many of the groſſe parts into more thinne and fluid, you deſtroy the ground of your compariſon, betwixt the *World-Animal* and it; for you take away the fleſh of your leſſer *Animal* thus burnt. And

beſides, the proportion betwixt the vapour or thinner parts extenſion to the remaining aſhes, is not yet ſo big, as of the thin parts of the *World-Animal* in reſpect of its ſolid parts, by many thouſand and thouſand millions. Nay, I ſhall ſpeak within compaſſe, if I ſay (as I ſaid before) that there is a greater diſproportion then betwixt the globe of the Earth and a mite in a cheeſe. This is plainly true to any that underſtands common ſenſe. For the Earth in reſpect of the World is but as an indiviſible point. Adde to all this, that if you will rarefie the Tobacco or *Hercules* body by fire, I will take the ſame advantage, and ſay that the water and many parts of the earth may be alſo rarefied by fire, and then reckon onely upon the remaining aſhes of this globe, and what is turned into vapour muſt be added to the more fluid parts of the *World-Animal*, to increaſe that over-proportion. So that thou haſt anſwered moſt wretchedly and pitifully every way, poor *Anthropoſophus!* But beſides, In the ſecond place: When any thing is burnt, as for example, your Tobacco. I ſay it takes up then no more

room

room then it did before: Because Rarefaction and Condensation is made, *per modum spongiæ*, as a sponge is distended by the coming in, and contracted again by the going out of the water it had imbib'd. But the *Aristotelicall* way, which is yours, (O profound *Magicus!* that hast the luck to pick out the best of that Philosophy) implies, I say, grosse contradictions, which thou canst not but understand, if thou canst distinguish corporeall from incorporeall Beings. Thy way of Rarefaction and Condensation, O *Eugenius*, must needs imply *penetration of dimensions*, or something as incongruous, as every lad in our Universities, at a year or two standing at least, is able to demonstrate to thee. But if thou thinkest it hard, that so little a body as a pipe of Tobacco, should be multiplied into so very much superficies above what it had before, go to those that beat out leaf gold, and understand there how the superficies of the same body may be, to wonder, increased. And beside, I could demonstrate to thee, that a body whose basis thou shouldst imagine at the center of the

Earth, & top as far above the ſtarry Heaven, as it is from thence to the Earth, without any condenſation uſed thereunto, is but equall to a body that will lie within the boll of a Tobacco pipe. Where art thou now, thou miſerable Philoſophaſter? But to the next Analogie.

The aire is the outward refreſhing ſpirit, where this vaſt Creature breaths. Two things I here object, to ſhew the ineptneſſe and inconguity of this compariſon. The one is taken from the office of reſpiration, which is to refreſh by way of refrigerating or cooling. Is not the main end of the lungs to cool the bloud, before it enter into the left ventricle of the heart? But thou art ſo Magical, thou knowſt none of theſe ſober and uſefull myſteries of Nature. All that thou anſwereſt to this is, That we are refreſh'd by heat as well as by coolneſſe. Why then, Is that generall ſufficient to make up your analogie or ſimilitude? This is as well phanſied as it is reaſoned, when men conclude affirmatively in the ſecond figure. There are laws in Phanſie too, *Philalethes*: and I ſhall ſhew thee anon, how ridi-

ridiculous thou haſt made thy ſelf by tranſgreſſing them. If thou meaneſt by refreſh'd, to be cheared or reſtored onely, and what ever do's this muſt be ground enough to phanſie a reſpiration; then thou breatheſt in thy cawdle, when thou eateſt it, and haſt ſpoyled that conceit of his, that ſaid he never would drink ſack whilſt he breathed; for if ſack do in any ſenſe refreſh and comfort a man, it ſeems he breaths while he drinks. I tell thee in the *Homologi termini* of ſimilitudes, there ought to be ſomething in ſome ſort peculiar and reſtrained, or elſe it is flat, ridiculous, and non-ſenſe. The other objection was taken from the ſituation of this aire that is to be the matter of Reſpiration in this great *Animal*. What a wild difference is there in this? The aire that an ordinary *Animal* breaths in, is externall, the aire of this *world-Animal*, internall; ſo that it is rather wind in the guts, then aire for the lungs; and therefore we may well adde the *Cholick* to the *Anaſarca*. Is the wind-Cholick an outward refreſhing ſpirit, or an inward griping pain? Being thou haſt no guts in thy brains, I ſuſpect

ſpect thy brains have ſlipt down into thy guts, whither thy tongue ſhould follow to be able to ſpeak ſenſe. Anſwer now like an Ἐγγαστρίμυθος, O thon man of Magick! He anſwers, and the point and ſting of all the ſenſe of his anſwer is in the tail of it: *pag.* 29. *lin.* 11. *and it is their outward refreſhing ſpirit.* He means the Earths and the Waters. O feeble ſting! O fooliſh anſwer! This onely reaches ſo far as to ſave the Earth alive from my jugulating objection. The globe of Earth and Water indeed may be ſtill an *Animal* for all that objection. But thou ſaidſt the whole world was an *Animal*. What, is the whole world an *Animal* becauſe the Earth is one? O bundle of ſimples! (to return thee thine own parcell of ware again, for it belongs not to me) this is as well argued as if thou ſhouldeſt ſay, That a cheeſe is an *Animal*, becauſe there is one living mite in it. But that this Earth neither is a breathing *Animal*, is plain enough: For what reſpiration, what attraction and reddition of aire is there in it? There may be indeed ſomething anſwering to ſweating and perſpiration, nothing to reſpirati-

spiration, my good *Philalethes*. But to shew thee thy folly, I will follow thy liberty, and impudently pronounce that a pair of bellows is an *Animal*. Why, is it not? It has a nose to breathe through, that's plain, the two handles are the two eares, the leather the lungs, and that which is the most seemly analogie of all, the two holes in the back-side are the two eyes; as like the eyes in the fore-side of a Crab as ever thou seest any thing in thy life: Look thee, *Phil.* are they not? You 'll say, The analogie of the nose is indeed as plain as the nose on a mans face: But how can the handles be eares, when they stand one behind another? whereas the eares of *Animals* stand one on one side, and the other on the other side of the head. And then, how can the leather be lungs, they being the very out-side of its body? Or those two holes eyes? They have neither the situation, as being placed behind, nor office of eyes. Answer me all these objections, O *Mastix*! I can fully answer them, O *Magicus*! This is an *Animal* drawn out according to thine own skill and principles. The leather sayst thou

thou muſt be no lungs, becauſe it is without. Why then the aire muſt be no aire for thy *World-Animal* to breath, becauſe it is within: And if thou canſt diſpence with *within* and *without*, much more mayſt thou with *before* and *behind*, or *behind* and *on the ſides*. So the eares and lungs of this *Animal* hold good againſt thee ſtill. Now to preſerve my monſters eyes againſt this *Harpy* that would ſcratch them out. They are no eyes ſay you, becauſe they have not the ſituation of eyes. But I told thee before, thou makeſt nothing of ſituation. But they have not the office of eyes. Why? They can ſee as much as the eyes of thy *World-Animal*, for ought thou knoweſt. I but this *Bellows-Animal* breaths at theſe eyes: And have not I ſhewed thee that thy *World-Animal* breaths in his guts? But I will make it plain to thee that thoſe two holes are eyes: For they are two, as the two eyes are; and tranſmit the thin aire through them, as the eyes do the pure light. So that they agree gainly well in the generall: As your Reſpiration in the *World-Animal*, in refreſhing, though by heat, when in others it is by

by cold. Fie on thee, for a *Zoographicall* Bungler. These Bellows thou seest is not my *Animal* but thine, and the learned shall no longer call that instrument by that vulgar name of a pair of Bellows, but *Tom Vaughans Animal*. So famous shalt thou grow for thy conceited foolerie.

The interstellar skies are his vitall ethereall waters. Here I object, *O Eugenius!* that there is an over-proportionated plenty of those waters in thy *World-Animal*, and that thus thou hast distended the skin of thy *Animal*, God knows how many millions of miles off from the flesh. O prodigious *Anasarca!* But what dost thou answer here? *viz.* That I say, that the body which we see betwixt the starres, namely, the interstellar waters, is excessive in proportion. No, I do not say so: but that they are two excessive in proportion to be the fluid parts of a *World-Animal*. But how ever, as if I had said so, he goes about to prove, that there is no excesse of proportion in them. *Dost thou hear, Mastix?* sayes he, *Look up and see.* Well, I hear, *Phil.* I look up. But do not

not chock me under the chin, thou wag, when I look up. Now, what must I see? *What a number of bonefires, lamps, and torches are kindled in that miraculous celestiall water.* Yes, I see them all. I suppose they burn so clear for joy and triumph, that my Reason and Sense have so victoriously overthrown thy Phantastry and Non-sense. But why miraculous waters, *Phil?* I see the cause: Bonefires and torches burn in the waters. That were a miracle indeed, *Eugenius*; but that it is a falsity. Thou givest things false names, and then wouldst amaze us with verbal miracles.

And the starres his animal sensuall fire. What is thy meaning here, little *Phil.* (For I never called thee to account for this yet) That this *World-Animal* has sense onely in the starres? To call them the eyes of the world is indeed pretty and Poeticall. And *Plato's* delicious spirit may seem to countenance the conceit in that elegant Distich upon his young friend *Aster*, (which in plain English is *Starre*) whom he instructed in the Art of Astronomie:

Ἀστέρας, εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστὴρ ἐμὸς, εἴθε γενοίμην,
Οὐρανὸς, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σε βλέπω.

Thou

Thou viewest the starres, my Star, *were I the skyes!*
That I might fix on thee so many eyes.

But what, *Eugenius*, wilt thou venture in Philosophick coolnesse, to say the sense of thy *World-Animal* lies in the starres? I prethee, what can those starry eyes spy out of the world? They are very quick-sighted, if they can see there, where there is nothing to be seen. But it may be, this *Animal* turns its eyes inward and views it self. I would *Philalethes* were such an *Animal* too; He would then find so much amisse within, that he would forbear hereafter to be so censorious without. But what? is there sense then onely in the starres? For sense can be no where but where there is accesse for the Animal spirits. So it seems, the starres must hear as well as see, nay, feel and tast; as they do questionlesse, as often as they lick in, and eat up that starre-fodder, the vapours, wherewith in *Seneca*, they are phantastically said to be nourished. And thus you see, that *Tom Vaughans Animal*, I mean the bellows now, may see at the very same two holes that it breathes

at,

at, for he confounds all by his indiſcreet phanſie. How art thou blown about like a feather in the air, O thou light-minded *Eugenius!* How vain and irrationall art thou in every thing! Art thou the Queen of *Sheba*, as thy Sanguin a little overflowing thy Choler would dreſſe up thy ſelf to thy ſoft imagination, and make thee look ſmugg in thy own eyes? Had that Queen ſo little manners, in her addreſſes to ſo great a Philoſopher? No, thy language in all thy book, is the language of a ſcold and of a ſlut. And for thy wit, if thou wilt forgo thy right to the ladle and bells, thy feminine brains as thou calleſt them, may lay claim to the *maid-marians* place in the Morris-dance: while my ſtrong cruds, (as thou tearmeſt my maſculine underſtanding) which are as ſweet as ſtrong, not tainted with the fumes of either revenge or Venery, ſhall improve their utmoſt ſtrength, for the intereſt of Truth and Virtue.

And thus have I taken all thy Outworks, *Eugenius*, yea and quite demoliſhed them. Yet now I look better about me, there is I perceive,

perceive one Half-moon standing still. Wherefore have at thy Lunatick answer to that which thou callest my Lunatick argument, which thou propoundest thus; *That the Flux and Reflux cannot be the pulse of the great World, because it proceeds from the Moon, not from the Sunne.* I say, *Philalethes*, The Sunne being the heart of the world, according to those that be more discreetly phantasticall (consult Dr. *Fludd*, thou art but a bad chip of that block) it was to be expected, if thou wouldst have the Flux and Reflux to be the Pulse, that it should come from the Sun, that is reputed the heart of the world, but it comes from the Moon. To this you answer; That it comes no more from the Moon, then from that fictitious *Anti-selene* or *Anti-moon*, as you venture to call it. You say thus, but prove nothing. But there is such an apparent connexion betwixt this *Phænomenon* of the Flux and Reflux, and so constant with the course of the Moon, that it is even unimaginable but that there should be the relation of cause and effect betwixt them. But I think you will not say, That the motion of the Sea

has any power or effect upon the course of the Moon; wherefore it must be granted, that the course of the Moon has an effectuall influence upon the Flux of the Sea. And therefore *Fromondus* speaks very expressely concerning this matter, and very peremptorily in these words: *Si ex effectis de causa conjectatio valere potest, tam compertum videtur æstus effici & gubernari à Lunari sydere, quàm calorem ab ignibus effundi, aut lumen à Sole*: to this sense; *If we can gather any thing from effects concerning the cause, it seems to be as experimentally sure, that the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea is made and governed by the Moon, as that heat flows from the fire, or light from the Sunne.* For indeed how could there be kept such inviolable laws, as that the Ocean should alwayes swel at the Moons ascending; and not onely so, but attemperately and proportionably to her motion, (for she coming every day later and later above the *Horizon*, the Flux of the Sea is later and later every time, according to her recession toward the East in her monethly course) I say, How could these laws be so accurately observed,

M.

Mr. Eugenius, if the Moon were not accessory to, nay, the principall causer of this Flux and Reflux of the Sea? And if thou beest not wilfully blind, this is enough to convince thee, that that which thou calleſt the Pulse of thy *World-Animal*, is from the Moon not from the Sunne, nor from its own inward form. For thou seest it is caused and regulated by an externall *Agent*. But for a more full discoverie of this mysterie, I send thee to *Des-Cartes* in the fourth part of his *Principia Philosophiæ*, or to what I have taken from thence and made use of in the Notes upon my *Philosophicall Poems*. In which Poems the intelligent Reader may understand, how far, and in what sense, any sober *Platonist* will allow the world to be an Animal. Nor do's one part of it acting upon another, as the Moon upon the Sea, hinder its Animation. For in men and beasts, one part of the bodie do's plainly act upon another, though all be actuated by the soul.

And now, *Philalethes*, I have taken all thy Out-works, none excepted; out of which thou hast shot many a slovingly shot against

me. But thy foul piece has recoyled againſt thy ſelf, in all ſober mens opinions, and has beat thee backward into the dirt. And truly, I know not whether I ſhould pity thee, or laugh at thy childiſh Arſbur thou haſt given thy ſelf. For thou raileſt at me now thou art down, and threatneſt him that is ready to ſet thee up upon thy feet, provided thou wilt not prick up thy eares too, and look too ſpruntly upon the buſineſſe. But thou wanteſt no help, thou art a Giant, an invincible man of warre, great *Goliah* of *Gath*. I a mere Punie, as thou calleſt me; nay, a Munkey, a Mouſe. What, doſt thou bid defiance to three at once, *Philalethes*? I tell thee, any one of theſe three would be hard enough for thee. But what wilt thou do, now thou art to deal with a man? For I ſhall fight with thee, onely with a mans weapon, Reaſon. As for thy raylings and quibblings, I ſhall not take notice of them, ſo that the battel is likely to be the ſharper and ſhorter for it. Onely let's be a little merry at the beginning, it will be like ſhaking of hands at the taking up of the cudgells.

OBSER-

OBSERVATION 1.

Art thou the hobling Poet who sometime
----Prays'd with his quill
Plato's Philosophie?

I am the Poet that did, and do with my pen, my mouth, and from my heart praise that excellent Philosophy of *Plato*, as the most consistent and coherent Metaphysicall *Hypothesis*, that has yet been found out by the wit of man. But why hobling Poet? thou hobling Asse or Hobby-horse, choose thee whether. Thou hast so diseased and crazie a brain, that it cannot endure it seems the least jotting, and so thou hadst rather be carried in a Sedan, as those that are rotten with the *Neopolitan* disease, or else going the way to it; then be bravely hurryed in my open magnificent chariot, whose tempestuous wheels dance and leap while they are wearing down the cragginesse and asperity of Philosophick difficulties into plainnesse and easinesse. But I know the vulgar, those poore Merchants of eel-skins, that deal with nothing but the *Exuviæ* of things, words and phrases, are more

taken with ſmooth Non-ſenſe, or ſuperficiall flouriſhes, then with the deepeſt knowledge in a careleſſe dreſſe. Doſt thou not know that thoſe men, that make it their buſineſſe to be compt and elegant in their clothes and carriages, commonly have little elſe but this in them? And ſo it is too often with Poems and other writings. But how I ſlight your ſimple cenſures, O ye skin-ſucking flies! ye waſps with ruſh-ſtings in your tayls! yee winged inhabitants of *Crowland*! I will ſhew you now, not in the proſe of *More*, but in the very Trot and Loll of *Spencer*, as this Naturall with his tongue lolling out of his driveling mouth, uncivilly calls it.

As gentle Shepherd in ſweet Eventide
When ruddy Phœbus *'gins to welk in Weſt,*
High on an hill his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their haſty ſupper beſt,
A cloud of cumb'rous Gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
That frō their 'noyance he no where can reſt,
But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth marre their murings.

Nor

Nor have I here called my self Clown by craft, no more then the Poet calls the Knight so. But thy indiscreet wit cannot distinguish betwixt the *Formale* and *Materiale*, of that whence the similitude is fetched; which made theee so ill digest thy Philosophick Bacon. It was thine own Magick, *Phil.* or perverse imagination that turned thee into an Hog with tusks and bristles, not I. But to return to the business: O thou judicious Critick! What is the fault? where is the flaw in what thou hast recited?

----Praise with my quill
Plato's Philosophy.

Thou dost onely play with the feather of the quil. But for what is writ with the inky end thereof, in those Poems of mine, I challenge thee to shew me if thou canst, where my phansie or reason hath really tript. Thou indeed hast attempted something in the *Platonick* way, but I have made it manifest, thou hast writ with the quil of a goose. But I have penned down the praise of *Plato's* Philosophy in this Canto, with the skill of a man, as any man that hath skill will acknowledge.

But thy ſpirit is not yet prepared for the knowledge of ſuch divine matters. It is not yet fine, gentle, and benigne enough, to receive ſo delicious impreſſions. Put thy ſoul into a cryſiple, O pragmaticall *Chymiſt*, and ſet it on that fire, that will excoct and purge out thy droſſe, and then judge of *Platoniſme*. Art not thou the Chymicall Monkey that art very buſie to little purpoſe about the glaſſes of *Harry Blunden*, an honeſt man and an happy Operatour in Chymiſtry as I hear: But thou doſt nothing but lear and look up at the reek of the furnace, and ſendeſt as high *Theomagicall* meditations after every fold or curle of ſmoke that mounteth up, as the muſing Ape after the flur and farre flight of every partridge he let out of the basket. But enough of Levity. Now to expiate the exceſſe of this mirth with ſomething more ſolid and ſober. I am ready to anſwer what thou alleadgeſt, and to make good that my firſt obſervation is no overſight.

Thou art here miſtaken in two things. Firſt, in that thou conceiveſt that Reminiſcency is ſo ſtrong an argument to prove the

Preex-

Preexistency of the soul before her entrance into the body. I say it is not any argument worth the insisting upon. For though the soul do finde truth in her self, questions being wisely proposed to her; yet she doth not perceive that she ever thought of those things before, and therefore cannot acknowledge any such Reminiscency in herself. And I appeal unto thine own reason, *Eugenius*, if God should create an humane soul, and put it into a body fit and complyable with contemplation, whether that soul would not be able to answer all the questions propounded in *Plato's Meno*, as well as those that are supposed to preexist. And therefore I have not made use of this argument in all my *Platonical* Poems. For I tell thee, *Phil.* I am a very wary Philosopher, and he must rise betimes that goes about to impose upon my reason. Thy second mistake is, that thou thinkest I condemn thy opinion of the Preexistency of the soul, which indeed I might well do as personating an *Aristotelean*. But what I really blame there, is thy boldnesse and disadvantagious rashnesse in the proposall of it,

thou

thou intimating, as if the soul descended into the body with her eyes broad wake, which the first page of thy Præface to the Reader doth plainly imply. Let any one read and judge. But if any one ask what my opinion is, I answer, It is no matter what my opinion is, as it is mine, (for what man is αὐτόπτος?) but the discussion of the truth of these things he may find in my Poems.

Observat. 2.

Here, *Philalethes*, I charged thee with three absurdities.

The first was affectation of pomp and ceremony in the finding out those things which can not be hid from the eyes of the meanest capacity. As pretending it was a whole springs task, to find out this conclusiō, viz. *That things that are produced in Nature, are out of something in Nature unlike the things produced.* To this thou answerest, that thou art not to be understood, as if thou wert a whole spring in finding out this conclusion: For thou onely saist, *I took to task the fruits of one spring.* But I say, that *one spring* may signifie a whole spring,

spring, and your making a task of it seems to determine the words to that sense. And unlesse thou tookest the pains of examining all the flowers that grew in the spring, one after another, I mean their kinds, it would prove no task, or at least be no proof for thy conclusion. And therefore in all likelihood, *one spring* should signifie here a *whole spring*.

The second was, that thou art fain to admit of two of *Aristotles* Principles, *Matter* and *Privation*. And this I inferred from the foregoing Conclusion. But thou answerest, *That thou hast not so much as named Privation, much lesse acknowledged it for a Principle*. That's no matter. Though thou hold thy peace thy observations speak it. That *Viola est ex non viola, Rosa ex non Rosa*, &c. Which is the very same thing the Peripateticks observe to be necessarily included in all generation, & therefore they make a Principle of it, and call it *Privation*.

The third absurditie was, that you seemed so simple, as to promise your self that you would find out the first matter, or the common matter of all things by experience. To which

which you answer, *That you have now found it out, felt it, and seen it.* Well, *Eugenius*, thou art grown a great Proficient, I perceive, since the last time I met thee? For then thou wast to seek for this first matter, now thou hast found it and felt it. Hast not thou felt the Ephialtes, *Phil?* or is not thy phansie as grosse and thick as a syrup? I believe thou art as much *Jesuite* as I *Puritan*, tell me truly *Philalethes*, dost not equivocate in this answer? and understandest by this *first Matter*, onely the first matter of some things, as meal is the first matter of pudding, and pycrust, and bread, and the like. But if thou saist thou hast seen and felt the first matter of all things whatsoever, thou hast pronounced what is impossible to be proved, and therefore as impossible to be believed by the sober and wise. And yet unlesse thou pronounce thus, thou pronouncest nothing to the present purpose. For, by *first Matter*, is understood the common matter of all things. But now to rebuke thy boldnesse in this assertion: Let me ask thee a sober question or two. This *first Matter*, which thou soughtest after, and now hast

hast found, whether hadst thou any marks to know it by, when thou didst light on it? For as *Venus* in the Poet, when she sends hue and cry after her little *Fugitive*, describes him from his marks;

Ἔστι δ' ὁ φαῦς πελανὸς καὶ ἐν εἰκόσι πᾶσι μάθοις τιν.

So what ever is sought for by us, we ought to have an idea of it, that we may know it when we find it. As he that is to seek an horse in the field, if he have not an idea of an horse and of a cow, &c. he may bring one for the other. To be short, he that seeks without an idea of what is sought, seeks for he knows not what, and he will find it he knows not when. So that it was necessary for thee to have an idea of the *first Matter*, in thy mind when thou wentest about to find it out. Now tell me, what the idea of the *first Matter* can be, if not this? *A substance out of which all corporeall things are made, but it self out of nothing*. And this is, if thou understandest truth when it is propounded to thee, as true an idea of the *first Matter*, as, *to have three angles*, is the right idea of a Triangle. But answer me now, *Eugenius*, in good earnest.

Is

Is that matter which thou ſaiſt thou haſt ſeen and handled ſuch as will fit with this idea? How canſt thou ever prove but that that matter was made of ſome other matter, otherwiſe modified, as well as other things may be made of this? But I will deal very candidly with thee, *Philalethes*: For I would fain have thee ſpeak ſome ſenſe. The idea of thy *firſt Matter* thou meaneſt may happily be this. Matter ſo prepared and qualified by the Art of *Chymiſtry*, that it is fit to receive any form whatſoever, or *Matter* that is reduced to ſuch a temper as it all was of at firſt, when it lay fitted for receiving of all forms of what nature ſo ever, and by this fitneſſe engaged them to lodge in her large boſome. And thus though this *Matter* of thine be made of another matter, yet, becauſe it is reduced to the ſtate it was in firſt of all, before it received any forms, and was contrived into this order and diſtinction of parts, that conſtitute the world, it may in this ſenſe be called the *firſt Matter*. But tell me, *Eugenius*, how knowſt thou that thou haſt light on ſuch a matter as this? Thou hadſt

no preconceived idea of the colour and consistency of this matter, which thou saist thou hast felt and and seen, unlesse somebody hath described it to thee, from certain sensible qualities. But then I would ask both them and thee, how they know that a body of this consistency and colour is the *first matter?* It is either because that they observe, that, what ever they resolve by their *Chymicall* fires is resolved into this at last, or because they have observed that all things will arise out of this matter. But for the first: I say, they have not, nor can make triall of all things by their Art. For how many things appear above us out of our reach? besides what lie eternally buried below. They can not distill the stars, as some say, glow-worms may be, and make them lamps of them to study by. Besides, why is that which is left, to be the first matter more then what is flown away and evaporated? And that which will not evaporate, I demand whether that is the first matter of air and light? Adde to all this, That you do not so much find this first matter as make it in all likelyhood.

hood. For how incredible a thing is it, but that by your fires or heats, (you putting the body that is under your operation into a perpetuall motion, so that the parts fridge one against another unceſſantly) the nature of it ſhould be quite changed by you. So that you do not by a kind of *Analyſis* diſcover what is at the bottome, but by *Geneſis* modifie the matter into a new dreſſe. But that's no matter you 'll ſay, ſo long as it is reduced to ſuch a temper as it was, when the whole world was to be impregnated with ſeverall forms. But there is no way now left for you to know that you have thus reduced it, unleſſe you have ſeen this matter of yours, *Vertumnus*-like to appear before you in all ſhapes. Tell me then, *Philalethes*, Have you ſeen it put on the form of a Sponge? of a Pumex? of Adamant? of Marble? Have you ſeen it put on the ſhape of all plants whatſoever and Animals? to ſay nothing of metals and mineralls. Have you play'd with it in the ſhape of a dog? or has it roared againſt you in the form of a lion? or have you made ſport with the muſtacho's of it in the figure of a mouſe?

mouse? Ha's *Paracelsus* his *homunculus* come tumbling out of it, with his tail upwards in signe of good luck? or hast thou conferr'd with it in the dresse of a wanton Ladie, cloth-ed with transparent lawns, or Sybariticall tiffanies? If thou hast not, (and darest thou say thou hast?) thou hast no reason at all to say thou hast seen and felt the first matter of all things. It is but vain boasting and bold impostur. Adde unto all this; That if there were any such matter as thou meanest, so fit for all forms, and yet fitted with none, the *Mundus vitæ*, (or *world of Lives and Forms*) being every where present so as it is, this de-stitute widow, or marriageable Virgin could be no more kept from being match'd with one Form or other, then *Danae* could be from *Jupiter*, who notwithstanding the close custody she was under, descended into her lap in a golden shower. Wherefore I conclude, that it is not any certain Experience, but rash juvenilitie and confidence, that makes thee pronounce thou hast seen and felt the *first Matter*.

Observ. 3.

Here thou wouldst fain carp at my Hymne of *Humility* and *Charitie*, but thy pride and unchristian bitternesse onely makes thee grin at it, it representing that which is so contrary to thine own nature. But here is nothing said to any purpose, and therefore 'tis to no purpose to apply an answer. As for thy cavills against those expressions of mine, that *we are to measure our wisedome by unprejudicate reason, by humility and purity of mind, and not by devotion*; the sense is, That we are to try how wise we are, or how safely we may conclude our selves to be wise, by examining whether we have put off all prejudice, and use our reason impartially, whether we be humble and set free from all corruption *of Flesh and Spirit*. For by these we may better and more safely conclude that we have used our understanding aright, and are not mistaken in what we conceive, then by long, or hot, or humorous devotions, such as men seem but to play with God in, and rather shew the world what fine heats they have, then heartily desire the true good from him, whom they seem to solicite

licite for it. But thou art so galled with the sense, that thou wouldst fain revenge thy self upon the words.

In what sense I call the disciples of *Aristotle* orthodox, any body that hath any wit and urbanity in them may easily discern, and then my praises of *Plato* and *Des-Chartes* may consist very well with this passage.

But as for *Scaligers* making use of *Aristotles* text to make good *Athanasius* his Creed, I will be very fair with thee, *Phil.* He did first beleeve firmly, that there is such a *Trinitie*, and then made *Aristotle* speak to that purpose. Now do thou but first prove strongly thy *Philosophicall* positions by Reason, and then I give thee leave for further countenance to call in *Moses* his text.

Observ. 4.

Do you mention no life here, *Eugenius*? But then *Georgius Venetus* do's for you. *Omne quod vivit, propter inclusum calorem vivit: inde colligitur, caloris naturam vim habere in se vitalem in mundo passim diffusam, &c.* Construe it, *Phil.* and be pacified.

Observ. 5.

When you call it so in your own verse. Why it seems then you had a mind to write poeticall Prose, which I am sure Mr. *Bust* of *Eaton* had like to have whipt me for when I was a boy. But I wonder how thou comest to stumble on this *Stanza* of mine above the rest. Let us bring it all forth intire into view.

The last Extreme the fartheſt off from light,
That's Natures deadly shadow, Hyle's *cell.*
O horrid Cave, and womb of dreaded Night!
Mother of witchcraft and accurſed ſpell,
Which nothing can avail 'gainſt Iſrael,
No Magick can him hurt, his portion
Is not divided nature, he doth dwell
In light, in holy love, in union,
Not faſt to this or that, but free communion.

O! now I see the reason, there is the word *Magick* named in it. But tell me, O *Magicus!* dost thou understand what I have writ there? If thou didst, as thou shouldst do, and hadst an inward sense & feeling of it, thou wouldst make a bonefire of all thy books of curious Arts, as the Magicians did in the Apostles time, for joy of finding a better light. But I can-

cannot expresse what I mean better then I have already in that *Stanza*.

Page 40. *lin.*20. *Prethee, Mastix, what is this subject?* I'le tell thee. Nay, *Aristotle* shall tell thee: these are his words, *Phys. l.* 1. *c.ult.* Λέγω γὰρ ὕλην τὸ πρῶτον ὑποκείμενον ἑκάστῳ ἐξ οὗ γίνεταί τι ἐνυπάρχοντος, μὴ κατὰ συμβεβηκὸς, εἶτε φθείρεται τι, εἰς τοῦτο ἀφίξεται ἔσχατον. Thou wilt not say that this is in nature, neither ἁπλῶς nor τὸ κατά τι, as thou barbarously speakest. And thou must give me leave to correct thy Greek, when there is need, as well as thou doest my English where there is no need. Thy τὸ κατά τι is a monster, and hath one τὸ too much, but I will not tread on this toe of thine too hard. I passe off, and come to thy head, that, I mean, that should dwel there; if there be any body within, let them answer me. Is not that defined there by *Aristotle*, (the sense whereof is sufficiently set out in my description of the Idea of the first matter) Is it not in nature, neither ἁπλῶς nor κατά τι? I appeal to thine own reason if thou canst any wayes shift it, but that thou must conceive a matter variously changed into severall succeeding forms.

Therefore that which continues the same *numericall* ſubſtance, though in its notion incomplete, and ſuſtains the ſucceeding form, that is a thing in Nature. But when we preciſely conceive it utterly devoid of all forms, that's a ſeparation made onely by the fire of our underſtanding (τὸν πνευτὸν νῦν, the Oracles call it) not by your Chymicall fire: and this is not in Nature, but in our apprehenſion. Whefore your aſſertion is falſe, when you ſay that this matter is neither ἁπλῶς, nor καθ' ἑαυτὸ in Nature. For though the notionall reſpect be not in Nature, the thing it ſelf is. And this, I ſay, is a ſober deſcription, and ſignifies ſomething. But your *horrible empty darkneſſe*, which you ſay here is the *firſt Matter*, doth but mock a mans fanſie in the dark.

Page 42. *line* 15. *The holy Spirit, ſay you, is not able to ſee, &c.* I ſay, *Anthropoſophus*, that it is you that have put things together ſo ill-favouredly, as if you implied ſo much; as the Reader may judge by perpending the ninth page of your *Anthropoſophia*.

Page 43. *line* 20. *As ſoon as God was.* Where is thy Logick, *Eugenius*? doth that imply

imply there was a time when God was not? when we say, that one is as wise as a wisp, does that imply the wisp is wise? I tell thee, a wisp is no wiser then thou art, Mr. *Magicus*. So if I say that the light of the Idea's was no later then the existence of God, that saying does neither stint nor stretch out the duration of Gods existence, but onely it coextends the light of the Idea's with that duration.

Page 44. *line* 1. *But the water was not so.* But what was the *horrible empty darkness?* O thou man in the dark! was that *ab æterno*, or not? and if that was, could not the Divine light shine in that darkness? but I will wrestle no longer with such *Lemures* in the dark, as thy shifting fancie proves it self, O *Anthroposophus!* Let's go on, and see if we can get into the light.

Observ. 6.

And speak of Rationes seminales. Yes, I spake of them, and mov'd a very materiall question concerning them, to wit, what that Experiment in a glasse could do, for the confirming or confuting the *Rationes seminales*.

It had been your duty here to have ſatisfied this *Quære*, but I perceive your inabilitie, and pardon you.

Obſerv. 7.

Line 10. *I my ſelf make the Naturall Idea no Idea at all.* So then, *Anthropoſophus*, this is the ſtorie. There is a twofold Idea, a divine Idea, and an Idea which is no Idea at all: Ha ha he! Thou hadſt abuſed me ſo unmercifully in this bitter book of thine, that I thought I ſhould never have been able to laugh again as long as I liv'd: But this would make a dog burſt his halter with laughing, I muſt now laugh or die. What, art thou now turned Preacher, *Phil?* though no Puritane by no means, and tel'ſt us of three kinds of Seekers, that they are either thoſe which are both Seekers and Finders; or thoſe that are Finders, but no Seekers; or laſtly, ſuch as are neither Seekers nor Finders? Certainly when thou wroteſt this book, thou hadſt a plot to eternize thy fame, and leave thy folly upon record.

Page 46. *line* 1. *Cite him then, and pro-*

duce

duce his words. Here they are *Philalethes*: περὶ κοσμοποιΐας, *page* 20. He there proves, that there are divine Idea's before the creation of the visible plants, from that text of *Moses*, *Gen.* 2. *v.* 4, 5. *Philo's* own words are these upon that text; Ἆρ' ἐκ ἐμφανῶς, sayes he, τὰς ἀσωμάτους καὶ νοητὰς ἰδέας παρίστησιν, ἃς δὴ αἰδήμονας ἀποτελεσμάτων σφραγῖδας εἴη συμβέβηκεν; πρὶν γὰρ χλοῆσαι τὴν γῆν, αὐτὸ τοῦτο ἐν τῇ φύσει δὴ πρωτογενῶν χλόην, φησὶν, ἦν· καὶ πρὶν ἀναδῦναι χόρτον ἐν ἀγρῷ, χόρτος ἦν ἀόρατος· that is, *Does not he manifestly set before us incorporeall and intellectuall Idea's, which are the seals of Gods sensible works? for before the earth sent forth herbs, there was even then (saith Moses) herbs, in Rerum Natura; and before the grasse grew, there was invisible grasse.* Can you desire any thing more plain and expresse? But to make thee amends for laughing at thy division of the Idea which had but one member, and hopped like one of the *Monocoli* upon a single legge, I will give thee another Idea besides this out of the same *Philo*, and such as may be truly called both an Idea and a naturall one, a thing betwixt thy *Ideal vestiment*, and the *Divine Idea* it self:

Κοσμο-

Κοσμοποιίας pag. 6. Ἀλλ' ἐ μόνον ἦσαν οἱ καρποὶ τροφαὶ ζώοις, ἀλλὰ καὶ παρασκευαὶ σπερμάτων τῶν ὁμοίων ἀπογένεσιν τὰς σπερματικὰς οὐσίας περιέχουσαι, ἐν αἷς ἄδηλα καὶ ἀφανῆ οἱ λόγοι τῶν ὅλων εἰσὶ δῆλοι καὶ φανεροὶ γενόμενοι καιρῶν περιόδοις· that is, *But the fruits were not onely for nourishment for living creatures, but preparations also for the perpetuall generation of the like kind of plants, they having in them Seminall Substances, in which the hidden and invisible forms of all things become manifest and visible by circumvolutions of seasons.* These are the λόγοι σπερματικοὶ, or *Rationes seminales*, the *seminall Forms* of things.

Observ. 11.

Page 48. *line* 9. *Mastix is deliver'd of a Bull.* This is a Calf of thy own begetting, but I have forgot all this while to render thee a Calf for a Bull as I promis'd thee. I am not toyish enough for thee, my little *Phil.* Do I say heat and siccity are Aqua vitæ bottles? But may not heat, and siccity, and Aqua vitæ be consentany arguments? what repugnancie is there in it? Answer, *Logician.* Therefore there is no Bull here, till thou be grown up to thy full stature. *Observ.*

Observ. 12.

Here I told you that you incompassing all with the Empyreal substance, you had left no room for Evening and Morning upon the Masse of the Earth. What do you answer to this? *That the Empyreal substance was a fire which had borrowed its tincture from the light, but not so much as would illuminate the Masse of it self.* No, *Philalethes?* Do not you say it retain'd a vast portion of light? and is not that enough to illuminate the Masse of it self? Nay, you say it made the first day without the Sunne, but now you unsay it again. Pitifull baffled Creature! But as for those terrible mysterious radiations of God upon the Chaos, & dark Evaporations of the Chaos towards God, which thou wouldst fain shuffle off thy absurdities by; I say, they are but the flarings of thine own phansie, and the reeks and fumes of thy puddled brain. Dost thou tell me this from Reason or Inspiration, *Phil?* If from Reason, produce thy arguments; if from Inspiration, shew me thy Miracle.

Page 51. *line* 25. *The clouds are in the Aire,*

Aire, not above it, &c. But if the clouds be the higheſt parts of the world, according to the letter of *Moſes*, which is accommodated, as I ſhall prove, to the common conceit and ſenſe of the Vulgar; then in the judgement of ſober men it will appear, that thy Argument hath no agreement neither with Philoſophy nor common ſenſe. Now therefore to inſtruct thee, as well as I do ſometimes laugh at theee; I will endeavour to make theſe two things plain to thee. Firſt, that Scripture ſpeaks according to the outward appearance of things to ſenſe and vulgar conceit of men.

Secondly, That following this Rule, we ſhall find the Extent of the World to be bounded no higher then the clouds, or there about: So that the Firmament, viz. the Air, (for the *Hebrews* have no word for the Air, diſtinct from Heaven or Firmament, *Moſes* making no diſtinctiõ)may be an adequate bar betwixt the lower and upper waters. Which it was requiſite for *Moſes* to mention, vulgar obſervation diſcovering that waters came down from above, *viz.* ſhowers of Rain, and they could not poſſibly conceive, that unleſſe

there

there were waters above, that any water should descend thence. And this was it that gave occasion to *Moses*, of mentioning those two waters, the one above, the other beneath the firmament.

But to return to the first point to be proved. That Scripture speaks according to the outward appearance of things to sense, and vulgar conceit of men. This I say is a confessed truth with the most learned of the *Hebrews*. Amongst whom it is a rule for the understanding of many and many places of Scripture, *Loquitur Lex secundùm linguam filiorum hominum*, that is, *That the Law speaks according to the language of the sonnes of men:* as *Moses Aegyptius* can tell you. And it will be worth our labour now to instance in some few passages.

Gen. 19. v. 23. *The sunne was risen upon the Earth when Lot entred into Zoar.* Which implies, that it was before under the Earth: Which is true onely according to sense, and vulgar phansie.

Deuteronom. 30. v. 4. קצה חשמים or ἄκρον τῦ ὐρανῦ, Implies that the earth is bound-

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ed at certain places as if there were truly an *Hercules* Pillar, or *Non plus ultrá*. As it is manifest to them, that understand but the naturall signification of קצה and ἄκρον. For those words plainly import the Earth bounded by the blue Heavens, and the Heavens bounded by the Horizon of the Earth: they touching one another mutually. Which is true onely to sense and in appearance, as any man that is not a meer Idiot will confesse.

Ecclesiastic. cap. 27. v. 12. *The discourse of a godly man is alwayes with wisdome, but a fool changeth as the moon.* That's to be understood according to sense and appearance. For if a fool changeth no more then the Moon doth really, he is a wise and excellently accomplished man, *Semper idem*, though to the sight of the vulgar different. For at least an Hemisphear of the Moon is alwayes enlightned, and even then most when she least appears to us.

Hitherto may be referr'd also that, 2. Chron. 4. 2. *Also he made a molten Sea of ten Cubits from brim to brim round in compasse, and five Cubits the heigth thereof, and a line of thir-*

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ty Cubits did compasse it round about. A thing plainly impossible that the Diameter should be ten Cubits and the Circumference but thirty. But it pleaseth the Spirit of God here to speak according to the common use and opinion of Men, and not according to the subtilty of *Archimedes* his demonstration.

Again Psalme 19. *In them hath he set a tabernacle for the Sunne, which as a bridegroom cometh out of his chamber, and rejoyceth as a strong man to runne his race.* This, as M. *John Calvin* observes, is spoken according to the rude apprehension of the Vulgar, whom *David* should in vain have indeavoured to teach the mysteries of Astronomy. *Hæc ratio est* (saith he) *cur dicat tentorium ei paratum esse, deinde egredi ipsum ab una cœli extremitate, & transire celeriter ad partem oppositam; Neque enim arguè inter Philosophos de integro solis circuitu disputat, sed rudissimis quibusque se accommodans, intra ocularem experientiam se continet; ideóque dimidiam cursûs partem quæ sub Hemisphæria nostro non cernitur, subticet.* i. e. *This is the reason, to wit, the rudeneesse of the vulgar, why the Psalmist saith there is a tent*

prepared

prepared for the Sunne, and then that he goes from one end of the heaven and passes swiftly to the other: For he doth not here subtily dispute amongst the Philosophers of the intire circuit of the Sunne, but accommodating himself to the capacity of every ignorant man, contains himself within ocular experience, and therefore saith nothing of the other part of the course of the Sunne, which is not to be seen as being under our Hemisphear. Thus M. Calvin.

I'le adde but one instance more, *Joshuah* 10 v. 12. *Sunne stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the valley of Ajalon.* Where it is manifest that *Joshuah* speaks not according to the Astronomicall truth of the thing, but according to sense and appearance. For suppose the Sunne placed and the Moon at the best advantage you can, so that they leave not their naturall course, they were so farre from being one over *Ajalon* and the other over *Gibeon*, that they were in very truth many hundreds of miles distant from them. And if the Sun and Moon were on the other side of the *Equatour* the distance might amount to thousands.

I might adjoyn to these proofs the suffrages of many Fathers and Modern Divines, as *Chrysostome*, *Ambrose*, *Augustine*, *Bernard*, *Aquinas*, &c. But 'tis already manifest enough that the Scripture speaks not according to the exact curiosity of truth, describing things κατ' ὑπόστασιν, according to the very nature and essence of them; but κατ' ἔμφασιν, according to their appearance in sense, and the vulgar opinion of men. Nor doth it therefore follow that such expressions are false, because they are according to the appearance of things to sense and obvious phansie, for there is also a Truth of Appearance.

And thus having made good the first part of my promise, I proceed to the second; Which was to shew that the Extent of the world is to be bounded no higher then to the clouds, or thereabouts, that it may thence appear, that the upper waters mentioned in *Moses*, are the same with those *Aquæ in cælo stantes* mentioned by *Pliny*, *lib.* 31. his words are these, *Quid esse mirabilius potest aquis in cælo stantibus ?* and these waters can be nothing else, but that contain'd in the clouds,

which descends in rain; and so the whole Creation will be contain'd within the compasse of the Aire, which the Hebrews call שמים *quasi* שם מים *ibi aquæ:* becauſe it is *ſedes nubium*, the place of clouds and rain. And that the world is extended no higher then thus, according to Scripture, it is apparent. Firſt, becauſe the clouds are made the place of Gods abode; whence we are to ſuppoſe them plac'd with the Higheſt. There he lives, and runns, and rides, and walks. *He came walking upon the wings of the wind,* in the 104 Pſalm. *Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh on the wings of the wind.* Laieth the beams of His chambers in the waters, to wit, the upper waters which are the clouds. The Almighties lodgings therefore according to the letter, are placed in the clouds. There about alſo is his field for exerciſe and warre, Deut. 33. 26. *There is none like to the God of Jeſhurun, who rideth upon the Heavens for thy help in his excellency on the sky,* that is, upon the upper clouds, as *Buxtorf* interprets it, and indeed what can שחקים properly

perly signifie above, but clouds? for below it signifies *pulvis tenuissimus*, *small dust*; and the clouds are as it were the dust of heaven. *Vatablus* also interprets that place of Gods riding on the clouds. And this agrees well with that of *Nahum*, chap. 1. v. 3. *The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind, and the clouds are the dust of his feet.* Here he is running as swift as a whirlwind, and raiseth a dust of clouds about him. You shall find him riding again, *Psalme* 68. 4. and that in triumph; but yet but on the clouds: suitably to that in *Deut. Sing unto God, sing praises unto his Name, extoll him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoyce before Him.* That rideth upon the Heavens; the Hebrew is לרוכב בערבות, which I would be bold with *Aben Ezraes* leave, to translate, *that rideth upon the clouds*: For clouds cause darkneſſe, and the root from whence ערבות is ערב, which signifies *obtenebrari*, *obscurari*. But for the ground of this Rabbies interpretation, to wit, *Upon the heavens*, it is taken out of the 33 verse of the 68 *Psalme*, *To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens of old.* But if we

read on there, we ſhall find that thoſe heavens of heavens, in all probability, reach no higher then the clouds. For let's read the whole verſe together, *To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens that were of old; Lo, he doth ſend out his voice, and that a mighty voice:* what's that but thunder? and whence is thunder but out of the clouds? and where then doth God ride but on the clouds? The following verſe makes all plain: *Aſcribe ye ſtrength unto God; His excellency is over Iſrael, and his ſtrength is in the clouds:* which doth notably confirm, that the Extent of the Heavens, according to the letter of *Moſes* and *David* too, are but about the height of the clouds. For here the heaven of heavens is the ſeat of thunder, and Gods ſtrength and power is ſaid to be in the clouds. Nor doth this expreſſion of this height, to wit, *the heaven of heavens of old*, imply any diſtance higher. For ſith all the Firmament from the lower to the upper waters is called Heaven; it is not a whit unreaſonable that the higheſt part of this Heaven or Firmament, be called the Heaven of Heavens. And this is my firſt

argu-

argument that the heaven or firmaments Extent is but from the Sea to the Clouds, because God is seated no higher in the outward phrase of Scripture.

My second argument is taken from the adjoyning the *heavens* with the *clouds* exegetically, one with another, for the setting out of that which is exceeding high, as high as we can expresse. And this the Psalmist doth often, *Psalme* 36.5. *Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the Heavens, and thy faithfulnesse reacheth unto the Clouds.* And *Psalme* 57. 10. *For thy mercy is great unto the Heavens, and thy truth unto the Clouds.* And *Psalme* 108.4. *For thy mercy is great above the Heavens, and thy truth reacheth above the Clouds.* Where heaven and clouds set off one and the same height, that which is exceeding high, the mercie and truth of God.

My last argument is from the Psalmists placing the Sunne, בשחק *in the clouds*, or *in the cloudy heaven.* For the word must so signifie as I did above prove, both from Testimony, and might also from the Etymon of the word. For שחק signifies *comminuere*,

contundere, to beat to dust: and what are clouds but the dust of heaven, as I may so speak. *Psalme* 89. *v.* 36, 37. *His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the Sunne before me. It shall be established for ever as the Moon, and as the faithfull witnesse* בשחק *in heaven:* that is, in the sky, the place where the clouds are. The drawing down therefore of the Sunne, that faithfull witnesse in heaven, so low as the clouds, implies that the letter of the Scripture takes no notice of any considerable part of the firmament above the clouds, it terminating its expressions alwayes at that Extent. And this sutes very well with *Moses* his calling the Sun and the Moon the *great lights*, and making nothing as it were of the starres, as is manifest out of the 16 verse of the first of *Genesis*. *And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesse to rule the night; He made the starres also.* But they come as cast into the bargain, as not so considerable, when as indeed a star of the first magnitude is (according to the calculation of the Astronomers) twenty thousand times bigger then the earth, and the earth five and fourty times

times bigger then the Moon; so that one star of the first magnitude will prove about nine hundred thousand times bigger then the Moon. Which notwithstanding, according to the letter of *Moses*, is one of the two great lights, the sole Empresse of the night. But here the letter of *Moses* is very consistent with it self. For sith that the Extent of heaven is not acknowledged any higher then the clouds, or thereabout (wherein as I shewed you, the Sun is, and consequently the Moon, and it will not be more harsh ro make the starres stoop so low too; nay, they must indeed of necessitie all of them be so low, they having no where else to be higher, according to the usuall phrase of Scripture, the appearances of the starres will then to our sight sufficiently set out their proportions one to another, and the Sun and the Moon (according to this Hypothesis) will prove the two great lights, and the starres but scatter'd sky-pebbles. Wherefore from all this harmony and correspondencie of things, I think I may safely conclude, that the Extent of the Firmament according to *Moses*, is but the di-

ſtance from the ſea to the clouds, or there abouts, as well as it is to our ſight, which cannot diſcern any intervall of altitudes betwixt the clouds and the Moon, the Moon and the Sunne, and laſtly betwixt the Sunne and the fixed Stars. Which interpretation I am confident any man will admit of, that can bring down the tumour of his Philoſophick phanſy unto a vulgar conſiſtencie and fit compliance with the ſweetneſſe and ſimplicity of *Moſes* his ſtyle.

And thus, *Philalethes*, have I proved that there is no room for thy interſtellar waters within the compaſſe of *Moſes* his Creation, unleſſe they run into one, and mingle with the rain or clouds.

Obſervat. 13.

Here I called the Ptolemaick Syſteme a rumbling confuſed Labyrinth. So you did *Philalethes*, & I perceive you will do ſo again. But prethee tell me, doſt thou mean the Heavens rumble? and ſo underſtandeſt or rather hearkeſt the rumbling harmony of the Sphears? or doſt thou mean the Labyrinth rumbles?

I perceive the man hath now ſome guts in his brains, and he is troubled with the rumbling of them in their ventricles, and ſo thinks there is a noiſe when there is none. I tell thee, *Philalethes*, a wheel-barrow may be ſaid to rumble, for to rumble is to make an ill-favour'd ungratefull noiſe; but no body will ſay the heavens or a labyrinth doth rumble, but ſuch as are no Engliſhmen, as you ſay ſomewhere you are not, and ſo do not underſtand the language.

Pag. 53. *A confuſed wheelbarrow is a bull.* Is a wheel-barrow a bull? what a bull is that? But *confuſed*, I added not *confuſed* to wheelbarrow, that's thy doing, thou authour of confuſion!

Line 18. *The Epicycles in reſpect of their orbs are but as a Mite in a cheeſe.* Do you ſay ſo, Mr *Lilly?* No. Do you ſay ſo, Mr *Booker?* No. Look thee now, *Phil,* how thy confident ignorance hath abuſed thoſe two famous Artiſts. They are aſhamed to utter ſuch loud nonſenſe. And now they have denyde it, dareſt thou venture to ſay it, *Anthropoſophus?* Tell me then how little and diminutive

nutive those Epicycles will prove in respect of their orbs, that have their diameters equall to the diameter of the orbit of the earth, or which is all one of the sunne. Thou wilt answer me with the *Cyclops* in *Erasmus*, *Istiusmodi subtilitates non capio.* I do not not believe thou understandest the Question, though it be plainly propounded, and so I shall expect no answer.

But come thy wayes hither again, *Phil.* thou shalt not scape thus. I will not let thee go til I have called thee to an account for thy great bull of Basan as thou wouldst call it. Thou sayest, *That the Epicycles of* Ptolemy *though they are too bigge to be true, yet that they are very diminutive things in respect of their orbs that sustein them; as little and diminutive as mites in a cheese in respect of the cheese.* To speak the most favourably of this assertion of thine that may be, it is sublime *Astronomicall* Nonsense. And if we could find any Nonsense sublunary to paralell it, it would be some such stuff as this: Although the cannon bullets in the tower be as bigge as mount *Athos*, yet they are so little that they

will

will not fill the compasse of a walnut. This is a bundle of falsities and so is that. That is, Both the parts of these compound Axioms are false, and the composition it self also illegitimate. These are *Discrete* Axioms, *Eugenius*, and both the parts ought to be true, but they are both false here. And there ought also, especially these notes *Quamvis* and *tamen* being in them, to be onely a *Discretion* of parts, but here is an implacable Opposition: things put together that imply a contradiction. In the latter of these Axioms it is manifest, but I will shew you, it is so also, in that former of yours.

For first, the *Epicycles* of *Ptolemy*, are not too bigge to be true. For they do not suppose them bigger then will be conteined, within the thicknesse of their own orbs. And you your self say that they are but as mites in a cheese in respect of their orbs. So that it is plain according to what you your self grant, as well as according to the *Hypothesis* of *Ptolemy*, that they are not too bigge to be true.

But secondly, I say they are not as little as Mites

Mites in reſpect of the cheeſe they are in. For the ſemi-diameter of *Saturns Epicycle* is to the ſemi-diameter of his Eccentrick, at leaſt as 1 to 10. and the ſemi-diameter of *Jupiters Epicycle* to the ſemi-diameter of his Eccentrick more then as 1 to 6. but *Mars* his, as 2 to 3, or thereabout, and the ſemidiameter of the Epicycle of *Venus*, to the ſemidiameter of her eccentrick more then as 2 to 3 by a good deal. And is it not plain hence *Eugenius*, that thy mite in a cheeſe muſt ſwell up at leaſt to the bigneſſe of a Mouſe in a cheeſe, though thy cheeſe were almoſt as little as a trundle bed wheel, or a box of Marmalade? and what a vaſt difference is there betwixt a Mite and a Mouſe, but thy ignorance emboldens thee to ſpeak any thing.

But now in the laſt place, the putting theſe two falſities together is contradiction, as well as they are ſeverally falſe. For it is evident, that if the *Epicycles* be too bigge to be true, they cannot be ſo little as Mites in a cheeſe, in reſpect of their orbs. For then would they be eaſily contain'd within the *craſſities* or thickneſſe of their orbs. But their not being able

able to be conteined within the *Crassities* of their orbs, that's the thing that must make them too bigge to be true.

And questionlesse if we will joyn the *Epicycle* with its right office, which is to bring down the Planet to its lowest *Perigee*, then the *Epicycles* of the planets will be too bigge to be true. For there will be of them that are half as big again as their *Deiferents*, nay five times if not ten times as big. And of these *Epicycles* I said (and *Ptolemies* ought to have been such, unlesse they did desert their office) that they were too bigge to be true. But thou pronouncest concerning these things thou knowst not what, and therefore art easily tost up and down like a shittle cock thou knowst not whither. How do I blow thee about as the dust or the down of thistles?

--ut plumas avium pappósque volantes.

Observ. 16.

Thou Moore à μωρία. As much as a מריר Thou art so drunk & intoxicated with thine own bloud (as *Aristotle* saith of all young men that they are διάθερμοι καὶ οἰνωμόδοι) that thou seest double, two O's in my name for one. *Ob-*

Observ. 19.

See what I answer at observation the 23.

Observ. 20.

Phy, Phy, some rose-water. Who speaks like a Puritan now, *Phil?* but why some rose water? hast thou devoured an Orenge like an apple, pulp and pill and all, and so made thy mouth bitter, O thou man of Wales! But it is to wash *hur* mouth from bawdry. Why wilt thou be so bold then as to name the Lawyers phrase *rem in re!* Or hast thou a purpose to call all the Lawyers, bawdy Gentlemen, by craft? I tell thee, *Phil. To the pure all things are pure*; but thy venerious phansie which I rebuked in this passage thou exceptedst against, doth soyl and corrupt what is chast and pure.

Observ. 21.

I do, Mastix, I do. Why doest thou not then explain it, thou little *Mastigia?*

Observ. 23.

Here I have you fast, *Philalethes*, for all your wrig-

wriggling. For if our vitall and animal spirits, which are as much a part of us, as any other part of our body is, be fed and nourished by the Aire, then the Aire is an Element of our body. But here he would fain save himself, by saying that the Aire is rather a Compound then an Element: but let any man judge how much more it is compounded then the Earth, and then Water which nourisheth by drinking, as well as the Aire can do by breathing.

Observ. 24.

Page 59. *line* 1. *How can darkness be called a Masse? &c.* No it cannot. Nor a thin vaporous matter neither. Thy blindnesse cannot distinguish *Abstracts* from *Concrets*. Thy soul sits in the dark, *Philalethes*, & nibbles on words as a mouse in a hole on cheese parings. But to slight thy injudicious cavil at Mass, & to fall to the Matter. I charged thee here to have spoke such stuff as implies a Contradiction. Thou saidest that *this Masse* (be it black or white, dark or bright, that's nothing to the Controversie here) *did contain*

tain in a farre leſſe compaſſe all that was after extracted. I ſay this implies a Contradiction. But you anſwer, this is nothing but Rarefaction and Condenſation according to the common notion of the Schools. I but that Notion it ſelf implies a Contradiction, for in Rarefaction and Condenſation there is the generation or deperdition of no new Matter, but all matter hath impenetrable dimenſions. Therefore if that large expanſion of the heavens lay within the compaſſe of the Maſſe, that matter occupyed the ſame ſpace that the maſſe did, and ſo dimenſions lay in dimenſions, and thus that which is impenetrable was penetrated, which is a contradiicton. What thou alleadgeſt of the rarefaction of water into clouds or vapours, is nothing to the purpoſe. For theſe clouds and vapours are not one continued ſubſtance, but are the particles of the water put upon motion, and playing at ſome diſtance one from another, but do really take up no more place then before.

Obſerv.

Observ. 26.

To say nothing to thy fond cavil at words in the former Observation, and thy false accusation that I called thee dog (for I would not dishonour *Diogenes* so much as to call thee so) and leaving it to the censure of the world, how plain and reall thy principles are, I am come now to my 26 Observation on the 23 page of thy *Anthroposophia*, where thou tellest us, That there is a threefold Earth, *viz.* *Elementary, Celestiall, Spirituall.* Now let us see what an excellent layer of the fundamentals of Science thou wilt prove thy self. And here he begins to divide before he defines. Thou shouldest first have told us what Earth is in generall before thou divide it. This is like a creature with a cloven foot, and never a head. But when thou didst venture to define these Members, where was thy Logick? Ought not every definition, nay, ought not every Precept of Art to be καθ' ὅλου φρωτον? but I will not vex thy head with these severities. The *Magnet* is the second member, the object of this 26 Observation. Here you say, I condemn this *Magnet*, but I do not offer to

confute it. But I answer, I have as substantially confuted it as merrily; but thou dost not take notice of it. I have intimated that this precept of art is not καλὰ παντὸς, nay, that it is plainly false: For it affirms that which hath no discovery by reason or experience, *viz.* That there is a certain earth which you call the *Magnet*, that will draw all things to it at what distance so ever.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi. So far am I from approving thy *Magnet*, O *Magicus*. Nor do the pages thou here citest, of which I give a favourable censure, prove any such thing. Let the Reader peruse them, and judge. Indeed certain operations of the soul, are highly and Hyperbolically there set out by thee; but the *Magnet* came dropping in at the latter end of the story. I gave no allowance to that. I will not have my soul so ill taught, as to attract metall out of mens purses at any distance whatsoever.

Page 64. *line* 12. *Didst thou ever hear or know that I was a pick-pocket?* If I had had the least suspicion of thee that thou wert so, I would not have called thee so, for it had been

been an unmercifull jest. But if thou wert as full of candour and urbanity, as I deem thee clear of that crime, thou wouldst not have interpreted it malice but mirth. For such jests as these are not uncivil nor abusive to the person, when the materiality of them are plainly and confessedly incompatible to the party on whom they are cast.

Observ. 27.

Page 65. *line* 14. *Prethee why a Gallileo's tube, were there more Galileo's then one?* Certainly, *Phil.* thou dost not look through a *Galileo's* glasse, but through a multiplying glasse, that seest in my English more *Galileos* then one. Go thy wayes for the oddest corrector of English that ever I met with in all my dayes.

Observ. 28.

Page 67. *line* 1. *For I fear God.* The Devills also beleeve and tremble: But do'st thou love God, my *Philalethes?* If thou didst, thou wouldst love thy brother also. But shall I tell thee truly what I fear? Truly I

fear, that thou haſt no ſuch pretious medicine to publiſh, which thou makeſt ſo nice of; and that thou doſt onely make Religion a cover for thine ignorance. But let me tell thee this ſober truth, That Temperance will prevent more diſeaſes by far, then thy medicine is like to cure; and Chriſtian Love would relieve more by many thouſands, then thy Philoſophers ſtone that ſhould convert baſer metalls into gold. There is gold enough in the world, and all neceſſaries elſe for *outward* happineſſe; but the generations of men make themſelves miſerable by neglecting the *inward*. This is palpably true, and it would aſtoniſh a man to ſee how they run madding after the noiſe of every pompous difficulty, and how ſtupid and ſottiſh they are to thoſe things, which God has more univerſally put in their power, and which would (if they made uſe of them) redound to their more generall and effectuall good.

Obſerv. 29.

So doth S. John propheſie too. But *Magicus* is too wiſe to underſtand him. S. *John* tells

us

us of a *new Heaven*, and of a *new Earth*. Here, *Magicus*, having recourse to his Chymistrie, in the height of his imagination prefigures to himself not onely Crystalline Heavens, but also a Vitrifide Earth. But I consulting with Scripture, and with the simplicity of mine own plain Spirit, think of a new Heaven and a new Earth wherein *dwels righteousnesse*. He's for an *Eden* with flowry walks, and pleasant trees; I am for a *Paradise*,

Ἔνθ' ἀρετὴ σοφίη τε καὶ εὐνομίη συνάγουται

Where Virtue, Wisdome, and good Order meet. As the *Chaldee* Oracles describe it. He is for a pure clear place, I place my happinesse in a clear and pure mind, which is the holy place or temple of God.

Observ. 30.

Tecum habita. I will not urge that Precept too strictly upon thy self, because I wish thee a better companion.

Observ. 31.

For thy ho! sounds like the noise of a Sow-

gelder. As much as the celestiall orbs or labyrinth rumble like a wheel-barrow. This is but the crowing of thine own brain to the tune of the Sow-gelders horn.

Observ. 32.

Here in answer to my objection thou tellest me that *Ruach* and *Nepheſh*, the parts whereof the soul of man consists, differ as male aud female. All the mysterie then is to make mans soul an *Hermaphrodite*. Thou shouldst have told us here what operations were proper to *Ruach*, what to *Nepheſh*, whether vegetation belong to the one, reason and sense to the other: or whether in this the divine life were seated, in that the animal and fleshly reason, and the like. But the subtiltie of thy wit reacheth no further then the discrimination of sexes, and the grossely pointing out of Male and Female.

Page 69. line 9. For your Sodomite Patron Aristotle, allows of it in his Politicks. More wretched beast he if it be so: but I do not remember any such passage in his *Politicks*, and yet have read them through, but long since; and

and it is sufficient for me if I remember the best things in Authours I read, I can willingly let go the worst. But what thou sayest of Aristotle is not unlikely; for he is tax'd for this unnaturall practise in *Diogenes Laertius*, whith one *Hermias* a foul friend of his, in the praise of whom notwithstanding he hath wrote a very fair and elegant Hymne, which begins thus,

Ἀρετὰ πολύμοχθε
Γένει βροτείῳ,
Θήραμα κάλλιστον βίῳ.
Σᾶς ὠνεῖ, παρθένε, μορφᾶς
Καὶ θανεῖν ζηλωτὸς ἐν Ἑλλάδι πότμῳ,
Καὶ πόνους τλῆναι μαλερὲς καὶ ἀκάμαντας. τοῖον
Ἐπὶ φρένα βάλλεις
Καρπόντ' ἀθάνατον
Χρυσοῦ τε κρέσσω καὶ γονέων
Μαλακωγυιοῖο θ' ὕπνου.

To this sense,

Vertue! that putst humane race
Upon so hard toyl and pains;
Lifes fairest prize! Thy lovely face
Bright Virgin, the brave Greek *constrains*
To undergo with an unwearied mind
Long wasting labours, and in high desire

To throng through many deaths to find
Thee; that dost fire.
Mans soul with hopes of such immortall fruit
No gold can sute,
Nor love of Parents equalize,
Nor slumbers sweet that softly seize the eyes.

So easie a thing is it for bad men to speak good words.

It is recorded by the same authour out of *Aristippus*, that the same Philosopher was also so much taken with the conversation of *Hermias* his whore, that in lieu of that pleasure he reap'd by her, he did the same ceremonies and holy rites to her, that the *Athenians* were wont to do to their goddesse *Ceres Eleusinia*. From whence it seems that his soul did consist of two parts, Male and Female, he having to do with both. So that he is more like to prove thy Patrone then mine, *Philalethes*! for I have to do with neither.

Page 69. line 10. *But I am tickled say you.* Yes, I say you are so tickled and do so tickle it up in your style with expressions fetched from the *Gynæceum*, that you are ridiculous in

in it, and I thought good to shew you to be such as you are. But for mine own part I am moved neither one way nor another with any such things, but think good to affix here this sober consideration. That there being generally in Men and Women that are not either Heroically good, or stupidly and beastly naught, a kind of shame and aversation in the very naming of these things, that it is a signe that the soul of man doth in its own judgement find it self here in this condition of the body, as I may so speak, in a wrong box, and hath a kind of presage and conscience that better and more noble things belong unto it, ese why should it be troubled at its own proclivity to that which is the height and flower of the pleasure of the body as they that are given to this folly do professe.

Τίς δὲ βίος; τί δὲ τέρπνὸν ἄνευ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης;
Τεθναίην ὅτε μοὶ μηκέτι ταῦτα μέλοι.

To this sense.

What life? what sweet without the golden tie
Of Venus? *dead to this, streight let me die.*

But that there is a naturall shame of these acts and the propension to them, that story of

Typhon

Typhon in *Diodorus Siculus* is no obscure argument. For when he had murdered his brother *Osiris*, that he might more sacramentally bind to him for his future help and security, his twenty foure *Accomplices* in this act, he hew'd the body of his brother into so many peices, but was fain to fling the τὸ αἰδοῖον his *Pudendum* into the river, they every one being unwilling to take that for their share. So much aversation is there naturally from these obscenities that even those that are otherwise execrably wicked, have some sense of it. But I do not speak this as if Marriage it self were a sinne as well as whoredome and adultery, for questionlesse it is permitted to the soul in this case shee's in. But if she be not monstrous and degenerate she cannot but be mindfull that she is made for something farre better.

Observ. 33.

To this observation thou answerest like a man with reason and generosity and with a well beseeming wit, how unlike to thy self art thou here, *Anthroposophos?*

Observ.

Observ. 34.

I perceive by thy answer to this observation thou art not at all acquainted with *Ramus* what ere thou art with the Schoolmen, but I passe over this and come to what is of more moment.

Page 71. *line* 19. *This is one of your three designes.* Yes, it is one of those three designs I tax'd you for in the beginning of my Observations. And here I make it good out of your own text *Anthroposophia pag.* 33. *line* 1. These are your words. *And now Reader, Arrige aures, come on without prejudice and I will tell thee that, which never hitherto hath been discovered.* What can be more plain if you will but prick up your eares and attend to what you say your self. But now I have discovered that this is but a boast of yours concerning a known Notion among the *Christian Platonists*, you begin to pluck in your eares and confesse your self a *Plagiary*. In the rest of your answer you do but teach your Grannam to crack nuts, I go on *Magicus* to the next.

Observ.

Observ. 35.

As a flame of one candle can light a thousand candles more. Your answer then to this Observation is this. That the soul is propagated as light is from light; That there is a multiplication without decision or division. But for thine and the Readers fuller satisfaction I shall answer thee here, as thou somewhere demandest, in the verse of *Spencer* but in the reason and sense of *More*, out of these four Stanzaes in my Canto of the *Preexistency of the Soul.*

Wherefore who thinks from Souls new Souls to bring
The same let presse the sunne beams in his fist,
And squeeze out drops of Light, or strongly wring
The Rain-bow, till it die his hands well prest;
Or with unceassant industry persist
Th' intentionall species *to mash and bray*
In marble morter, till he has expreſt
A Soveraine eye-salve to discern a Fay.
As easily as the first all these effect you may.

Ne

Ne may queint Similes this fury damp,
Which say that our souls propagation
Is, as when lamp we lighten from a lamp,
Which done withouten diminution
Of the first light, shews how the soul of man
Though indivisible may another rear
Imparting life. But if we rightly scan
This argument, it cometh nothing neere.
To light the lamp's to kindle the sulphureous gear

No substance new that act doth then produce.
Onely the oyly atomes't doth excite
And wake into a flame. But no such use
There is of humane Sperm. For our free sprite
Is not the kindled seed, but substance quite
Distinct there from. If not: Then bodies may
So changed be by Nature and Stiffe sight
Of hungry stomachs, that what earst was clay
Then hearbs, in time it self in senee may well dis-
play.

For then our Soule can nothing be but blond,
Or nerves, or brains, or body modifyde;
Whence it will follow that cold stopping crud
Hard mouldy cheese, dry nuts, when they have
rid.

Due

Due circuits through the heart, at last shall
speed
Of life and sense, look thorough our thin eyes,
And view the Close wherein the Cow did feed
Whence they were milk'd; grosse Py-crust will
grow wise
And pickled *Cucumbers sans doubt Philosophize*

Observ. 37.

Bid adiew to thy reputation Mastix. Well, now I perceive that thou thinkest that thou hast hit the nail on the head indeed. But all that thou dost or canst collect from what is in my Preface to the Canto *concerning the sleep of the Soul,* is but this: that whether we see or imagine that both of these are but the very *Energie* of the Soul, and that the Soul doth not nor can perceive any thing immediately but her own *Energie.* But what of all this? It doth not thence follow that the inward & outward sense is all one, but only *unitate genericâ,* no more then if I should say, that to be an *Animal* is but to have corporeal substance, life and sense, it would thence follow that an horse and a man are all one. Look

thee

thee now, *Magicus*, how I have passed through this huge Mound and Bulwark of thine, with as much ease and stilnesse as a gliding Spirit through a Mud-wall. I will onely look back and laugh at thee *Magicus*, for a man of no Logick. But if any man doubt whether thou saist blind men see in their sleep, it is apparent that thou doest. For in thy *Anthroposophia*, *Page* 40. *line* 1. thou saist, *That the visible power is not destroyd as is plain in the dreams of blind men.* Here if thou knowst what thou saist, thou arguest from the effect to the cause, from the operation to the faculty, but is the operation of the *Visive* faculty(for thou dost barbarously call it *visible*) any thing else but seeing? therefore thou dost plainly assert that blind men see in their sleep. It would be well if they could walk in their sleep too: for then they would scarce have any losse of their eyes.

Observ. 38.

Magicus, I do not altogether contemn the Symboles and Signatures of nature, but I believe that *Euphrasia* or Eye-bright that hath the

the signature of the Eye, sees or feels no more, then the pulp of a wal-nut that hath the signature of the brain, doth understand or imagine.

Observ. 39.

What a pitifull account dost thou give me here of the difficulties I urged thee with. My Queres were these, You making two spirits in a man the Rationall and Sensitive. First, *Whether the Rationall Spirit doth not hear and see in a man?* Here you distinguish. The Sensitive Spirit sees the *Object* (say you) and the Rationall the *Species*. But I say unto thee, that sensation is nothing else, but the perceiving of some present corporeall object; and that the rationall soul doth. For when two men discourse, that in them that reasons, hears the words, and sees the party with whom it reasoneth, does it not? Therefore they both see the object: But you will say, One sees by a *species*, the other without. I say nothing can be discerned without a *species*, that is, without an actuall representation of the thing discerned.

So

So that that distinction is in vain. And I would adde this further, That every *sentient spirit* must perceive by its own *species*, and not by anothers. But thou sayest, This sensitive Spirit like a glasse represents the *species* of externall objects. Then it seems the Sensitive spirits office is to be the glasses of the soul to see things in, but glasses themselves, *Magicus*; are not *sentient*, nor need this Spirit be so, that is the souls glasse; and it is plain it is not. For if these two were two different sensitive spirits, then they would have two different *Animadversions*; but there is but one *animadversive* spirit in a man, and therefore but one Sensitive. And that there is but one *animadversive* spirit in a Man is plain from hence, that if the Rationall *animadversive* bestow its animadversion fully elsewhere, the Sensitive in man cannot perform the thousandth part of that which is performed in brutes. We should loose our selves in the most triviall matters, when notwithstanding this sensitive spirit in man, would have as quick a vehicle as in most brutes. Besides, this sensitive spirit having this animadversi-

on, would have also a Memory apart, and would be able while the Rationall is busied about something else, to lay up observations such as beasts do by it self; and then long after to shew them to the Rationall, to its sudden amazement and astonishment. But none of these things are. And in my apprehension it is, in a very grosse and palpable way, sensible to me, that there is but one *Animadversive* in me, and I think I am no monster; If I be, it is (it seems) in that I am all rationall spirit, and have had the luck to misse of the sensitive, the beast.

Page 77. line 3. If this be true, then there be two hearing and seeing souls in a man. This is my second Quere; I ask'd if there be. To this you answer, Ha ha he! A very profound answer. This is no laughing matter, my friend. Have I not already shew'd you some difficulties, this asserting two sensitive Spirits in a man, is laden with? Answer them, *Phil.* I should gladly heare thee use thy tongue as well as see thee shew thy teeth by laughing. For that slender faint reason that follows thy loud laughing, *viz.* The objects

are

are different and the senses are different, that is taken away already. For the sting of my Argument is not this, that there would be two sensitive souls of the same nature in the body of a man; but that there should be two sensitive souls at all. And indeed, considering that the superiour soul contains the faculties of the inferiour, it is altogether needlesse. And that is a very sober truth, *Entia non sunt multiplicanda sine necessitate.* Which is to the same sense with that so often repeated in *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus*, ἡ φύσις οὐδὲν μάτην ποιεῖ, *God and Nature do nothing in vain.* And the right organization of parts and due temperature of the body, and proportion of *animal* spirits, this is all the glasse the soul of man wants in this life, to see by or receive *species* from. But this glasse hath no more sense it self, then an urinall or looking-glasse hath. Where are you now, *Phil.* with your Ha hahe?

Line 10. *I could, Mastix, teach thee an higher truth.* Yes truly, *Magicus*, you are best of all at those truths which dwell in the Highest. You love to soar aloft out of the ken of sense and reason, that you may securely Raunt it

there in words of a ſtrange ſound and no ſignification. But though thou flieſt up ſo high, like a Crow that hath both his eyes bor'd out, yet I have thee in a ſtring, and can pluck thee down for all thy fluttering. Thou ſayeſt that a ſoul may underſtand all things, *ſine converſione ad Phantaſmata*: this I ſuppoſe thou wouldſt ſay to contradict *Ariſtotle*; but I do not ſuſpect thee of ſo much learning as to have read him. He tells us in his book *De Anima*, ὅτι οὐδὲ νοῆσαι φαντασμάτων ἄνευ ἔστι νοῆσαι that *there is no underſtanding without Phantaſmes*. You ſay that we may underſtand all things without them. What think you of Individualls, *Magicus*? of which it is controverted amongſt the *Platoniſts*, whether there be any Idea's of them or no. But being you are ſo confident an aſſertor, let's heare how ſtout a prover you are of your aſſertions. Know you this you have ſpoken by Senſe, Reaſon, or divine Revelation? By this ſtring I have pluck'd this blind Crow down; I have him as tame in my hand as a Titmouſe: look how he pants, and gapes, and ſhews the white tip of his tongue, but ſayes nothing.

Go

Go thy wayes, *Phil.* for a pure Philosophick *Thraso.*

Observ. 41.

Three quarters of a year hast thou spent, &c. O *Magicus, Magicus!* thou art youthfull and vain-glorious, and tellest thy Tutour that this hasty cookery thou entertainest him with, was dispatch'd and dress'd up some ten daies after the Presse was deliver'd of my Observations. How many ten dayes doest thou mean, by thy some ten dayes? Thou wouldst have thy Tutour to stroke thee on the head for a quick-parted lad, I perceive, *Eugenius.* But hadst thou not better have staid longer, and writ better sense, more reason, and with lesse rayling? But I poore slow beast! how long dost thou think I was viewing and observing that other excellent piece of thine? I confesse, *Magicus*, because thou forcest me to play the fool as well as thy self, I was almost three quarters of a Moneth about it; and how much more is that then some ten dayes, though but twice told over? and I will not be so curiously vain-glorious, as to tell thee

how great a ſhare of this time was daily taken from me by neceſſary imployments. This is to anſwer thy folly with folly. But I thank God that I glory in nothing, but that I feel my ſelf an Inſtrument in the hand of God, to work the good of Men. The greateſt ſtrength of a man is weakneſſe, and the power of Reaſon, while we are in this ſtate, depends ſo much of the organs of the body, that its force is very uncertain and fickle. Is not the whole conſiſtency of the body of Man, as a crudled cloud or coagulated vapour? and his Perſonality a walking ſhadow and dark impoſture? *All fleſh is graſſe, and the glory thereof as the flower of the field: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. Verily the people are as graſſe.*

Obſerv. 42.

Have at you my friends the Independents. The *Independents* indeed may be thy friends, *Magicus*; but I dare ſay thou art not in a capacitie to be theirs, as having not yet wit and morality enough to be a friend unto thy ſelf.

Οὐ δὴ φαίνεται ὁ φιλῶν ἑαυτὸν φιλικῶς διακεῖσθαι,

κεῖθαι, διὰ τὸ μηδὲν ἔχειν φιλικὸν. A bad man cannot be friendly disposed towards himself, as having nothing in himself amiable and friendly, *Aristot. Eth. ad Nicom, lib. 9. cap. 4.*

Observ. 43.

Mastix, You denied formerly the Scripture was intended for Philosophie. But you contending that it was, how fondly do you preferre *Agrippa* before *Moses* and *Christ*. This *you* would have called blasphemy; but I have learned no such hard language.

Observ. 44.

For the naturall *Queres* I put to thee here concerning the nature of Light, the Rainbow, the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, and the Load-stone; I tell thee thou wilt never be able to answer sense to them, unless thou turn *Cartesian*, and explain them out of that Philosophy. But in the Generall, I mean, that the heats which the soul takes from personall admiration, make her neither wise, nor just; nor good, but onely disturbe the spirits, and disadvantage Reason.

Observ. 45.

Page 81. *line* 2. *Mastix would gladly put those asunder, whom God hath put together.* You mean then that a Protestant and Christian, are *termini convertibiles*. What a rare Independent is *Magicus!* he is an Independent of the Church of *England*; which is as good sense as if he should say, he is a Protestant of the Church of *Rome*. Truly, *Magicus*, I think thou art an Independent in nothing but in thy Reasons and speeches; for in them indeed there is no *dependency* at all. They are *Arena sine calce*, and hang together like thum-ropes of sand. But before I be merry with thee; and I fore-see I shall be when I come to thy verses, heare this sober Aphorisme from me. If that those things which are confessedly true in Christianity were closely kept to by men, it would so fill and satisfie their souls with an inward glorious light and spirituall joy, that all those things that are with destroying zeal and unchristian bitternesse prosecuted by this and that Church, would, look all of them as contemptibly, as so many rush-candles in the light of the Sun.

Line

Line 15. *You fall on my person.* Well, I'le let your person go now, and fall on your Poetry. Where I believe, I shall prove you a notable wagge indeed, and one that has abused your mother Oxford and all her children very slyly and dryly.

Dry Pumick statues. You make your own brothers of Oxford then so many dry *Pumices*, things that have nothing in them at all. I wish you had been so too *Phil*, for you have been to me a foul wet Spunge, and have squeazed all your filth upon my *person*, as you call it. But if thou knewest how reall a friend I am to thy person, excesse of kindnesse would make thee lick it all off again.

Might make a marble weep to bear your verse. It seems then, you of Oxford make such dull heavy verses, that it would make a Monument of Marble like an overladen Asse, weep to bear the burden of them.

Shee heav'd your fancies. What heavy leaden fancies are these that want such heaving. Up heavy heels. But how high did she heave them, *Phil?* As high as the other lead was heaved that covers the roof of your Churches

ches and Chappels? Nay higher. Above the very Pinacles, *Maſtix!* A marvellous height, but the Jack-Daws of our Univerſity ſit higher then thus, ſo it ſeems that the ſouls of the ſonnes of your Mother Oxford are elevated as high as the bodies of the Jack-daws in the Univerſity of Cambridge. What large elevated phanſies have your Academicks that reach almoſt as farre as the eye and ſenſe of an ordinary Ruſtick! Your phanſie's higher then the Pinacles, his ſight higher then the Clouds, for he may ſee the Sunne and the Starres too, if he be not blind.

Bleſt in her Martyrdome had you but ſhed--A Tear, &c. The ſenſe is, I ſuppoſe, that your Mother had been burnt for a bleſſed Martyr if her Sonnes had afore-hand quenched out the fire with their tears.

-One poore ſigh for her laſt breath--That we may ſay ſhe liv'd before her death. Here he accuſeth his Mother for ſucking her childrens breath as, they ſay, a Cat doth young childrens. Go thy wayes *Phil*; for an unmerciſull wit. I perceive thou wilt not ſpare neither

Father

Father Presbyter, nor thy Mother, nor thine own Brothers, but thou wilt break thy jest upon them. Well I now forgive thee heartily for all thy abuses upon me, I perceive thou wilt not spare thy dearest friends.

Observ. 47.

Thou art not well acquainted with Gold thou art not a man of that Metall. Here, *Magicus*, thy want of Logick hath made thee a little witty. For if thou hadst understood that comparison doth not alwayes imply any positive degree in the things compared, this conceit had been stifled before the birth. Thou saist somewhere, that I am a thin, lean Philosopher; but I say, I am as fat as a hen is on the forehead. Whether do I professe my self lean or fat now? As lean as thou dost. Now when I say as Orient as false gold, do I say that false gold is Orient. Thou art a meer *Auceps syllabarum, Magicus*, or to look lower, a Mouse-catcher in Philosophy.

Observ.

Obſerv. 48.

Philalethes, ſay you, writ this book to revenge his death. No, Now I think you mention his death, onely to bring this latine ſentence into your Book. *Et quis didicit ſcribere in lucta lacrymarum & Atramenti.*

Obſerv. 49.

I excluded not thy cenſure but thy mercy. Thy words are, *I expoſe it not to the mercy of man but of God.* But it is no expoſall or hardſhip at all to be expoſed to mercy, therefore by mercy thou muſt needs underſtand cenſure.

Page 86. *line* 2. *You'skud like a dogge by Nilus.* Here your phanſie is handſome and appoſite to what you would expreſſe, but that which you would expreſſe is falſe. For I fear no Crocodile, but the fate of *Eſops* dog who catching at the ſhadow loſt the ſubſtance. Becauſe I more then ſuſpect that there is nothing reall in thoſe places I paſſed by, but onely tremulous ſhadows of an unſettled phanſie.

Page 87. *line* 21. *Did not I bid thee proceed*

ceed to the censure of each part? What is your meaning, *Philalethes!* That you would have me confute all, right or wrong? No, *Phil*, I have done as S^t *George* in his combate with the Dragon, thrust my spear under the Monsters wing, into the parts which are most weak or least scaly. What I have excepted against was with judgement and reason, and so good, that all that I have said hitherto, stands as strong and unshaken of thy weak reasonings and impotent raylings, as rocks of Adamant, and Pillars of Brasse at the shooting off of a Childes Eldern-Gunne against them. Let's now see how like a man thou hast quit thy self in the ensuing Discourse.

Anima Magica Abscondita.

WEll, *Eugenius*, I have now perused this second part of thy Answer, which doth not answer at all in proportion to thy first. How lank! how little is it! Thou hast even wearyed thy self with scolding, and now thou art so good natured as to draw to an end. Faint, *Phil*, Faint? let me feel thy pulse.

pulse. Assuredly it strikes a *Myurus*, which is a signe thou art languid at the heart. Or is thy Book troubled with the Cramp, and so hath its leggs twitch'd up to its breech? or hath it been on *Procrustes* his bed and had the lower parts of it cut off? Whatever the Cause is, the Effect is apparent; that thou art wringled up at the end like a Pigs tayl, and shriveled on heaps like a shred of parchment. How many sober passages of Morality? How many weighty Arguments of Reason? How many Frolicks of wit hast thou slipt over and not so much as mentioned, much lesse applyde any suitable answer? But I hope thou wilt make good use of them silently with thy self, and rectifie thy phansie hereafter by my judgement, though thou thinkest it as harsh, as standing on the Presbytereall stool: to give me publick thanks. In the mean time, Reader, be contented, that I, onely reply to what he hath thought good to oppose. But what he runs away from so cowardly, I will not run after him with it, nor be so cruel as to force him to abide.

Observ.

Observ. 1.

Page 91. *line* 9. *It is plain then, that the body and substance of the definition is contained in these few words, Principium motûs & quietis.* Why, *Magicus*, because you make up he rest with thinking? Suppose thy Picture were drawn to the waste, and thou thoughtest of the rest of thy body. Doth that picture therefore contain the full draught of thy body? Away, thou bird of *Athens*.

Observ. 2.

You tell me a form can not be known otherwise then by what it can do or operate. I told thee so *Phil*, and do tell thee so again. And thou onely denyest it, thou dost not disprove it; wherefore *Phyllis* is mine yet, and not the willow Garland, but the willow Rod is thine, for not learning this plain lesson any better all this while. For, (to speak to thy own sense and conceit of the soul, that it is an intelligent Fire, or Light) thou canst not frame any notion of *Intelligent*, but from intellectuall operations: nor of *Light*, but from what it operates upon thy sense, thy sight; which

which is a truth most evidently plain to any man that is not stark blind.

Page 92. line 5. You say Mastix, I have not considered the difference added in the definition of Nature. No, You had not when you cavilled at the *Genus*, as angry at it, because it did not monopolize the whole office of the definition to it self and supply also the place of a *Difference*. Fond Cavil! But thou supposed'st, it seems, that I would never deigne to answer, so unclean an Adversary as thou hast shown thy self, and that thy Readers would never take the pains to see whether thou spoke true or false, and that hath made thee say any thing, and that with undaunted confidence and foulest insultations, that the simple might be sure to beleeve thee, without any more ado. *Eugenius*, enjoy thou the applause of the simple.

Εἷς ἐμοὶ ἄνθρωπος χείλιοι.—

But one wise man to me is as much as ten thousands of such, and infinite swarms of them, not so much as one. I am fully of *Heraclitus* his mind for that, *Philalethes*.

Observ.

Observ. 3.

Here, *Philalethes*, you contemning Definitions made from the proper Operations of the things defined, I intimate to you, that you necessarily imply, that you look after the knowledge of a stark-naked substance, which is impossible ever to be had. What do you answer to this? Nothing. Let the Reader judge else.

Observ. 4.

Let any body compare thy *Finihabia* with the expositions of those terms ἐνδελέχεια and ἐντελέχεια, made by *Julius Scaliger* (for it is he that is more cunning at nonsense then the devil, not I) and he shall find that thou hast spent a page and an half here to no purpose, but onely to shew some few faint flashes of wit. For at last thou dost acknowledge the aptnesse and significancie of the words, but still complainest that there is no news of the substance of the soul in them. To which I answer again, *A substance is a thing impossible to be known otherwise then by its proper operations, or peculiar relations to this or that*, as I have often

often inculcated. But how do you take away this answer? Onely by making a wry mouth, and crying, *Away! away!* Have I not already demonstrated unto thee, that it is impossible to know substances themselves, but onely by their operations? Here he answers again, that that cannot be; For then a Plow-man would be as wise as himself, and mother *Bunch* as his mother *Oxenford*. But to satisfie this inconvenience, (if it be any, to grant a Plow-man wiser then thou art) I say, Thou and thy mother may be wiser then a Plow-man in other things, though not in this; and in this, if your notion be more adequate and precise then his is, that is, If you are able, according to the Rules of Logick, to examine whether your assertion may go for an axiome, that is, κατὰ παντὸς, καθ' αὑτὸ, or καθόλου πρῶτον, and are able to rest satisfied, by finding your selves to know according to the capacity of the subject. But now, *Phil.* you indeavour to go so far beyond the Plow-man, that you fall short of him, and reach at so high strains, that you have strain'd your self till you seem half crackt to the sober. For this

this truth, That a substance is not to be known, but by its proper operations, is a truth so clear, that it is clear that he is destitute of sight and judgement, that doth not discern it even at the first proposall.

Observ. 5, 6, 7.

What thou answerest to these 5th, 6th, & 7th Observations is nothing at all to the purpose, and therefore to no purpose at all to answer any thing to them, as I have already said in the like case, and I must leave something to the candour and judgement of the Reader.

Observ. 8.

Page 97. *line* 1. *Mastix, you place the difficulty in the Rudiments or Sperms, because they are lax and fluid.* No, *Magicus*, but I do not. For I think they are alwayes so, or else the *Ratio Seminalis* would have a hard task of it. But when thou saiest, *that the Anima, in the Matter missing a vent, &c.* the difficulty is how a thing so subtile as a soul is, should misse a vent in so lax matter as the first Rudiments of life. This is the difficulty, *Magicus*. But

thou understandest not the force of any thing I propound to thee, thy apprehension is so out of tune with straining at high things nothing to the purpose. But I perceive, though thou wouldst dissemble it, *Magicus*, that I have beat thee from the Bung-hole, and that rude expression borrowed thence. And now thou art as busie as a Moth about a candle, to fetch a Metaphor thence. For thou tellest us, that *this union is like that betwixt the candle and the flame.* This indeed for some Poetical illustration may do well: but what Pholosophicall satisfaction is there in it, *Philalethes?* For first, the flame is without the candle, not in it; but the soul within the body, not without it. Secondly, the flame is an effect of the candle, but the soul is not an effect of the bodie, the body is not the *pabulum* thereof, and the very substance of which it is made, by superinducing a new modification. Thirdly, and lastly, the soul is still the same individuall soul; but the flame is no more the same flame, then the water betwixt such and such banks of the river, is still the same water. If thou hadst put thy finger into thy

nose,

nose, and said, Lo the mystery of the union of the soul and body: it had been as much Philosophicall satisfaction as this, from the union of flame and candle. Thou pitifull puzled thing! thou art not yet able to weigh what thou saiest. And now I have drove thee from the flame of the candle, thou hast scudded away quite into the dark, flown to I know not what strange obscure expressions, a story of old grand-dame Nature, with a set Ruff and a gold chain about her neck, which thou calleſt propinquity of Complexions, and I know not what. I prethee how much doth this differ from Sympathy and Antipathy, which all knowing men call *Asylum ignorantiæ:* and now I have drove thee thither, I will leave thee in that Sanctuary of fools. What I have said, I have already made good, that the souls union with the body is more Theomagicall then *Magicus* himself is aware of.

Observ. 9.

Page 98. line 19. Both which he makes to be one and the same thing. All that I say there is, that those verses are understood of the

vehicle of the soul, not of the soul it self; and it is *Theupolus* his opinion as well as mine, who cites those verses of *Virgil*, and gives that sense of them; to wit, that the two-fold *vehicle* of the soul is there meant, the *Ethereall* and *Spirituous*, not the soul it self, *Academic. Contemplat. lib.* 4. So that *Virgil* doth not at all patronize thy grosse conceit of making the soul consist of fire and aire.

Page 99. *line* 10. *I grant the soul to be a bodily substance that hath dimensions too.* Why *Phil?* Is there any bodily substances without dimensions? I could very willingly grant thee a mere body without a soul, thou hast so little reason and sense in thee; or if thou hast a soul, that it is a corporeall one, and it may well be so: but my question is meant of souls that have Sense and Reason in them, whether they be corporeall substances or no? Yes, say you, they are. They are *intelligent Fire and Light*. I say, *Phil.* thou art all fire, but no light, nor intelligent at all. Thou art the hottest fellow that ever I met with in all my dayes, as hot as a Taylours Goose when it hisseth, and yet as dark. But let's endea-

vour

your (if it be poſſible) to vitrifie thy opake carcaſe, and tranſmit a little light into thee. Doeſt thou know then what fire is? how it is a very fluid body, whoſe particles reſt not one by another, but fridge one againſt another, being very ſwiftly and variouſly agitated. In this condition is the matter of fire. But now I demand of thee; Is there any ſubſtance in this fire thou ſpeakeſt of, (for thou ſayeſt it is really fire, and uſeſt no Metaphor) which we may call the eſſentiall Form thereof, or no? If there be, I ask thee whether that Form be Intelligent, or no? If it be, then that is the ſoul, and this ſubtile agitated matter is but the vehicle. But if thou wilt ſay, that the ſubtile fiery matter it ſelf is the Intelligent Soul, ſee what inconveniencies thou intangleſt thy ſelf in. For fire being as *homogeneall* a body as water is, and having all the parts much what alike agitated; how can this fire do thoſe offices that commonly are attributed to the ſoul? Firſt, how can it organize the body into ſo wiſe a ſtructure and contrivement, the parts of this fire tending as much this way as that way or at leaſt tending

onely one way, ſuppoſe upward. Secondly, how can it inform the whole body of an *Embryo* in the wombe, and of a grown man? For if it was but big enough for the firſt, it will be too little for the latter; unleſſe you ſuppoſe it to grow, and to be nouriſhed. But thus, you will not have the ſame Individuall Soul you was Chriſtened with, and muſt be forced to turn not onely *Independent*, but *Anabaptiſt*, that your new ſoul may be baptized: for it is not now the ſame that you was Chriſtened with before. For I ſay, that ten ſpoonfulls of water added to one, ſhould rather individuate the whole, then that one of that whole number ſhould individuate the ten. Thirdly, how can it move it ſelf, or the body in a ſpontaneous way? For all the particles of this fiery matter wriggling and playing on their own centers, or joyntly endeavouring to tend upwards, makes nothing to a ſpontaneous motion, no more then the Atomes of duſt that are ſeen playing in the Sunne beams, ſtriking through a chink of a wall into a dark room, can conſpire into one ſpontaneous motion, and go which way they pleaſe. Where-

Wherefore I say, there ought to be some superintendent Form that takes hold of all these fiery particles and commands them as one body, and guides them this way or that way, and must be the ἐνδελέχεια of this fiery substance, that is, There must be such an essence in this fiery matter (and that is noted by the preposition ἐν) as doth ἔχειν, ἐλᾶν and ἔχειν that doth *hold together*, that doth *drive* this way or that way, according to its nature or will, and yet thus driving doth *keep possession* of this fiery *Matter*; and what is this but a Soul? not the indument, the smock or petticote of the Soul as thou call'st it. *Eugenius*, thou art old excellent at finding out naked essences, it seems, that takest the garment for the body. Thou art so young that thou canst not distinguish betwixt a living barn, and a baby made of clouts. But this is not all that I have to say *Phil.* Fourthly, I say that this fire cannot be the Soul, because fire is devoid of sense. I but you say you understand an *Intelligent fire*. Learnedly answered, and to as much purpose as if you should say, that a Soul is a Post or a Pillar, and then you

you ſhould diſtinguiſh and tell me, you meant an Intelligent Poſt or Pillar, but I ſay fire hath no more ſenſe then a Poſt or Pillar has reaſon. For if it have ſenſe, it muſt have that which the Schools call *Senſus communis*. And now tell me *Phil*, to which of all the playing particles of this *Ignis fatuus* of thine thou wilt appoint the office of the *Senſus Communis*, or why to any one more then to the reſt? But if thou appoint all, there will be as many ſeverall ſenſations, as there are particles. Indeed ſo many diſtinct living things. And thou wilt become more numerous within, then the poſſeſſed in the Goſpel, whoſe name was *Legion*, becauſe they were many. But if thou wilt pitch upon any one particle above the reſt, tell me where it is? In the middle or at the out-ſide of this fire? I will interpret thee the moſt favourably, and anſwer for thee; In the middle. But I demand of thee, Why ſhall this in the middle have the priviledge of being the *Senſus Communis* rather then any other, or how will it be able to keep it ſelf in the middle in ſo fluid a body? And if it were kept there, what priviledge hath it

but

but what the most of the rest have, as well as it, to make it fit for the office of a *Sensus Communis?* For it must be, either because it is otherwise moved on its Center, then the other are on theirs, which you can not prove either to be, or if it were, to be to any purpose: Or it must be, because it hath some advantage in consideration of the joynt motion of the particles. Let the joynt motion therefore of the particles be either *rectilinear* or *circular*. If *rectilinear*, as suppose in a square, let the processe of motion be from side to side parallel. Hath not then any particle in a right line that is drawn through the center of this Square figure, parallel to two of the sides, equall advantage for this office (the transmission of outward sense being perpendicular to the said right line) that the middle particle hath? For thus it can receive but what comes in one line, transmission of sense being parallel as is supposed. Nay, the points of any other inward line parallel to this, will do as well as the points of this middle line, which is as plainly true, as two and two is four, if thou understandest sense when it is propounded

propounded to thee. Well, but it may be you may think you can mend your self by supposing the joynt motion of this fiery matter to be *circular*. I say no. For then that of this motion, that respects externall objects is from the Center to the Circumference, as it is plain in that ordinary experiment of a Sling. And thus motion is from the middle particle not towards it. But you should say here, if you could answer so wisely, that motion bearing forward from this center toward the object, that reciprocally the object will bear against it, and so there will be a transmission of sense to the center round about from all the circumferentiall parts of this fiery Orb which thou calledst the naked soul. But I say, *Magicus*, if the middle point of this Orb get the place of the *Sensus Communis*, because there is a common transmission of motion from sensible Objects thereunto: I say then that there be more *Sensus Communes* in this Orb then One, because such transmissions as are not perpendicular to this Orb, will meet in severall points distant from the middle point or center of this Orb, and there are enough

enough such externall transmissions as these. I might adde also, that the middle point or particle being though a minute one yet a body, and consequently divisible, that that will also bid fair for a multiplicity of *Common Senses*. But I will adde onely this, That I hope to see the day wherein thou wilt be so wise as to be able to confesse, that the Authour of *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, &c. was the most confident *Ignaro* that ever wet paper with ink. But before I leave this fourth argument, let me onely cast in one thing more which equally respects both Hypotheses, either of *rectilinear* or *circular* motion. And that's this. If any one particle of this fiery substance, be the *Common sense*, it must be also the principle of spontaneous motion to the whole substance. For we see plainly that that which hath the *Animadversive* faculty in man, or the office of *Common sense*, moves the whole man, or that the motion of him is directed, at the beck of this. But I prethee *Phil*, tell me if thou canst possibly imagine, that any one particle in this fiery substance should be able to impresse spontaneous

neous Motion upon the whole. I know thou canst not but think it impossible. Fifthly, If the soul be fire (fire being so fluid and unsteddy a substance) how can there be any memory in it? You remember that expression in *Catullus*, whereby he would set forth sudden obliteration & forgetfulness of things, that it is like writing in the Water or in the Aire.

In vento aut rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

But what think you of fire then, will that consistency bear more durable characters? The perpetuall fridging and toying of the fiery particles doth forthwith cancell whatever is impressed, and now there is neither *Common sense* nor *Memory* to be found in your fire, we may be secure there is no *Reason* to be found there. For the Discursive Faculty requires some ὑπόστασις, something fixt to tread upon as well as the Progressive. But in your fire all is aflote, nothing fixt. Sixthly and lastly, If the Soul of man be either fire or aire, or both, I do not see that it will prove *immortall*; but that its consistency will be dispersed and scattered like the clouds. It will not be able to conflict with the boistrous winds,

winds, or scape blowing out, or being lost in the thinne aire, as other flames are, it once being uncased of the armature of the body. And these Vehicles which you will have to be the very Soul it self, they being so changeable and passive within the body, it will not be absurd with *Lucretius* to inferre that they will be utterly dissolved when they are without.

Hæc igitur tantis ubi morbis, corpore in ipso
Factentur, miserísq; modis distracta laborent
Cur eadem credis sine corpore, in aere aperto,
Cum validis ventis ætatem degere posse?

To this sense.

If in the body rack'd with tort'rous pain
And tost with dire disease they 're wearied so;
This shelter lost, how can they then sustain
The strong assaults of stormy winds that blow?

I tell thee *Phil*, such a soul as thou fancyest would be no more able to withstand the winds then the dissipable clouds, nor to understand any more sense then a soul of clouts, or thy own Soul doth.

But now I have so fully confuted thy grosse

groſſe opinion of the Soul, it may be happily expected that I would declare mine own. But *Phil*, I onely will declare ſo much, that I do not look on the Soul as a *Peripatetical atome*, but as on a ſpirituall ſubſtance, without corporeall dimenſions, but not deſtitute of an immateriall amplitude of Eſſence, dilatable and contractible. But for further ſatisfaction in this point, I referre to my *Philoſophicall Poems*. And do profeſſe that I have as diſtinct, determinate, and clear apprehenſion of theſe things, and as wary and coherent, as I have of any corporeall thing in the world. But Heat and Phantaſtry to fuddled minds, are as good companions as Caution and Reaſon to the ſober. But the durableneſſe of that ſatisfaction is uncertain, whereas ſolid Reaſon is laſting and immutable.

Obſerv. 10.

Page 101. *line* 6. *But from a ſimilitude and Symbole of Nature.* You are indeed very good at ſimilitudes *Phil.* as I have proved heretofore out of your skill in *Zoography*. But this is another buſineſſe. For here you profeſſe

to

to ſpeak, of the ſymbolizing and ſympathizing of things one with another in Nature, and ſo mutually moving to union, by a kind attractive power, according to that ſaying

Ὡς αἰεὶ τὸ ὅμοιον ἄγει θεὸς ὡς τὸ ὅμοιον.

Well be it ſo that there is a mutuall attractive power in things that ſymbolize one with another (for the attraction is mutuall as well as the ſimilitude mutuall) What is this to take away what I have objected? Nothing. But I will ſhew you how you are hang'd in your own chain. For it is as plain, as one of the κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι, that where two things of the ſame nature act, the greater is ſtronger, and the ſtronger prevails. Wherefore three portions of light ſhould fetch up two, or five one; rather then one ſhould fetch down three, or five, or two. This is the bare point of my reaſon which I covered with a double compariſon. *viz.* from the greater number of the lincks of a Chain preponderating the leſſe number, and from the greater portion of Earth prevailing over the leſſe; as in that inſtance, when a clod taken from the earth and let go in the free aire, the earth

commands it back to it self again, according to that conceit of *Magnetisme*. And here the argument was *à pari*, not *à specie*, and there may be a collation of parity even in contraries. And your ignorance of that Logicall Notion, hath inabled you to rayl so much, and speak so little to the purpose on this Observation, as any *Logician* may very easily discern.

Observ. 13.

Page 103. *line* 14. *Answer if thou darest to any one of these Questions.* Assure thy self, *Eugenius*, I can give a very rationall answer to every one of them. But for thy sake I think fit to answer none of them. But what is in my *Philosophicall Poems* will salve them all.

I will now rather examine what force of Arguments you have to prove that that which orders Matter into shape and form, is *Animadversive* and *Intelligent*.

Your first Argument is, that if there were no Animadversion in the *Ratio Seminalis*, (or call it what you will) that shapes the Matter into Form, the Agent would mistake in his work. Secondly,

Secondly, That he would work he knew not what, nor wherefore, and that therefore all Generations would be blind Casualties.

Thirdly, There would not be that Method, infallibility of Action nor proportion and Symmetry of parts in the work.

Fourthly and Lastly, That there would be no End nor Impulsive cause to make him to work.

To all these unsound Reasons, I have already answered very solidly and truly. That the force of them reached no further then thus. That the *Ratio Seminalis* must at least proceed from something that is knowing, and be in some sense Rationall, but not have reason and animadversion in it self. And this is the opinion of *Plotinus*, *Marsilius Ficinus*, and all the Platonists that I have met with. Ὁ γὰρ λόγος ὁ ἐν ὕλῃ ποιεῖ, καὶ τὸ ποιῆσαν φυσικῶς ἐ νόησε, οὐδὲ ὅρασις, ἀλλὰ δύναμις περιπλακεῖσα ὕλῃ, οὐκ εἰδῶλα ἀλλὰ δρῶσα μόνον οἷον πῦρ τὸν καὶ φῶμα ἐν ὕδατι, &c. *Ennead. 2. lib. 3.* To this sense. *For the* Ratio Seminalis *acts in the Matter and that which acts thus naturally, neither understands nor sees, but hath onely a power to transform the*

Matter, not knowing any thing but making onely as it were a form or shape in the water. And *Ficinus* compares this *Ratio Seminalis*, to an Artifice cut off from the mind of the Artificer and made self-subsistent, and able to work upon prepared matter, but without knowledge, as being disjoyned from all animadversive essence. This is the right notion of the λόγοι σπερματικοί. And this fully takes away the force of all your Arguments. For these being *divine art* imbodied in Nature and Matter, and working naturally, they will

First, Mistake no more, then a Stone will in its journey downwards, or the Fire in its course upward; which go alwayes right, if no externall obstacle hinder them. And these will work right if the Matter be duly prepared.

Secondly, Though they work they know not what, yet they work right in virtue of that cause from whence they came, the *divine Intellect*: and their operation is no more casuall then the ascent of Fire, and descent of Earth; for it is naturall.

Thirdly, This third falls in with the second,

cond, and the same answer will serve both.

Fourthly, There is an Impulsive cause and End of their working, though unkown to them, yet not unknown to the Authour of them. As in the orderly motion of a Watch, the Spring knows not the end of its Motion, but the Artificer doth. Yet the watch moves, and orderly too, and to a good End. But this fourth falls in also with the second or first. And you see now that they are indeed all fallen to nothing at all. So easily is Confidence overcome when unbacked with solid Reason.

Observ. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.

Page 107. *line* 5. *Did ever man scribble such ridiculous impertinencies?* Never any man before *Eugenius Philalethes*. But why will you scribble such stuff, *Phil.* that will put you to the pains of reproaching of it when you have done? My exception against your definition of the first principle of your *Clavis* was as solid as merry. For, *One in one, and One from one*, is no definition of any one thing in the world. For *definitio*, or ὁρισμὸς, is

a bounding and limiting what you define. But here is no bounds nor limits at all. For every thing that is, is *One in one, and One from one*, viz. in one world and from one God. And then in your other attempt this way, to define it, *A pure white Virgin walking in shades and Tiffanies*, is a meer foolery in Philosophy, and teacheth nothing but that your phansie is very feminine. Now in answer to all this, you contrive two ridiculous paralogismes, and then laugh at them when you have done.

Page 108. *line* 8. *Made their God Jupiter an Adulterer*. And you *Eugenius*, bestow a wife on the God of *Israel*, and make her after an Adultereſſe, and then call me blasphemous for deriding your folly.

Page 109. *line* 14. *Which thou dost blasphemously call pitifull services*. Yes *Philalethes*, And I ought to call them so, in comparison of that high good that is intended to us by Scripture. They are pitifull things indeed in comparison of that. And thou art a pitifull fellow to make an Independent of, that hast no more wit nor Christianity in thee then to call

call this blasphemy. But a man may easily discern how religious thou art, though by Moon-light, at the latter end of the 110 page, where thou dost display thine own Immodesty, by talking of displaying of Petticotes.

Observ. 20.

Line 5. *The Starres could not receive any light from the Sunne.* Now you shew how wise you are, in straining at so high a Philosophicall notion. I tell thee, *Phil.* the Stars cannot receive any light from the Sun, no more then this earth can from one single starre. For the sunne to our sight at the distance he is from the fixed starres, would seem no bigger then they, if so big. For according to the computation of Astronomers, the starres of the first magnitude are really farre bigger then the sunne: yet you see how little light they impart to the earth, and how very small they appear to us. And yet the lively vibration of their light shews plainly that it is their own, not borrowed. So that it is plain, that if the Sun and Stars be Man and Wife,

this immenſe diſtance makes them live in a perpetuall *divorce*.

Obſerv. 22.

Line 17. *Now at laſt Reader, he perceives his errour:* Therefore there needed none of your Correction. And I wiſh you could of your ſelf perceive yours too, that you may need none of mine. But I perceive by what follows here, thou doſt not know my meaning by *Spiritus Medicus*. Which I pardon in thee, thou doſt ſo ſeldome underſtand thy own.

Obſerv. 27.

Line 12. *Otherwiſe graſſe could not grow on the banks of it all the yeare long.* I ſaid the fringes of Reeds and Flags, and thoſe gayer ornaments of herbs and flowers, could not grow all the yeare long on the banks of *Yska*, if it were a river in *Great Britain* or *Ireland*. What is now become of thy faint Ha ha he?

Line 14. *He thinks Yska runnes to heaven.* Do I ſo, *Phil?* why then I gave thee friendly counſell when I bid thee fling thy ſelf into its ſtream:

stream. For then thou wouldst with ease have gone along with the stream to heaven, when others are fain to row hard against the stream, & scarce arive thither when they have done all they can. I knew thy meaning by thy mumping, *Phil.* but thou expressedst it so disadvantageously, that thou gavest me good occasion to be merry with thee. But thou hast no mirth nor urbanity at all in thee, but wrath and foul language, which without any heed or discretion thou flingest upon every one that comes in thy way. And here in this 114 page, thou bidst fair for the calling of that noble Philosopher *Des-Cartes*, knave, as heretofore thou didst call him fool. What Wit, Civility, or Judgement is there in this *Philalethes?* Thou art resolved to be recorded to posterity the most immorrall and ignorant man that ever appeared yet in publick. But thou hast as much confuted his Philosophy, by saying it is a *Whim* and a *Wham*, as thou hast solidly answered thy *Observatour*. I have made it apparent, that thou hast not spoke sense scarce to any one thing I objected against thee. But hast discovered thy grosse

igno-

ignorance in Logick and Philoſophy ſo far, that I profeſſe I did not ſuſpect thou hadſt been any thing neare ſo weak as I have found thee: but I willingly leave the cenſure of it to the Judicious. I will onely ſpeak thus much in favour to thee and for thy excuſe, that the ſtrength of thy paſſion may very well have more then ordinarily weakened thy reaſon.

Now for that Ingenuous young Gentleman, the ſmartneſſe of whoſe Poetry hath ſo wrung thee, and vext thy guts, that it hath brought upon thee the *Paſſio Iliaca*, and made thee ſo foul mouthed, I will only ſay ſo much, *Phil.* and ſpeak within compaſſe, that he hath more wit and Philoſophy in one hair of his head, then thou haſt in thy whole noddle. And that his verſe was not obedient to my proſe; but the Muſes were very obſequious to his wit and humour of repreſenting thee ſuch as thou art. And in this onely he was no Poet, in that he doth not write Fictions as thou doeſt in proſe. But it ſeems he hath ſo paid thee home, that the ſenſe of my gentle ſtrokes are ſtruck out by his quicker laſh. For thou ſayeſt I am a good harmleſſe ſneaking Obſerva-

servatour, thy *Alaz.* that is, thy thou knowst not what, but no *Mastix* by no means, but onely one that gave thee a flap with a fox-tail. Verily, thou sayest true, I did not intend to hurt thee, and thou makest me so weak as if I were not able. Why doest thou raise then so mighty Tropheyes upon the victory of so harmlesse and unable an enemie? For as inconsiderable as I am, to make himself considerable to the world, he makes a Colosse, a Gyant, a Monster of nine acres long of me. But how can this consist with thy putting me up into a little box. *Parturiunt montes*---- or rather, *Dehiscunt montes, tandem intrat ridiculus mus.* The Colosse fals, the Mountains gape, and at length enters in the merry Mouse. An excellent jest my Masters? But why into a box with wire grates, rather then into an iron cage, as *Tamberlain* us'd *Bajazeth*, and so carried him up and down in triumph? I wonder thou didst not take this jest by the Turkish Mustachoes, rather then that. But this it is, to have a wit no larger then a Mouse-catchers; or a phansie heav'd up no higher then the pinacles of *Oxenford.*

enford. Thou wilt in time, *Phil.* make a fellow of a fit size to shew the Lions and Rattoon at the Tower; and I suppose thou fawnest upon the *Independents* so as thou doest, to get their good will for the next reversion of that office. But enough, my *Philalethes*, of levity & folly. I will not abuse my liberty to excesse, onely let me in some way answer the expectation of those that may happily expect my censure of thy *Magia Adamica.* But I shall not so much answer it, as frustrate it: for I professe, I take no pleasure in the censuring of any mans writings; I can imploy my self better. I was in a very merry frolick when I ventur'd upon this; yet the Judicious may discern that there was sobriety enough at the bottome of all that mirth. But as for this *Magia Adamica*, I confesse I have not read it; but I do favourably conjecture, that the Authour thereof is as well skilled in those books of Magick that *Adam* read by the fire-side in winter nights, while *Eve* held to him the candle, as any young man is in these *European* parts. I let *Adamicus* alone, my businesse is onely with *Anthroposophus*, over whom now

now I having so full a victory, it will be expected, perhaps, that I lead him about in triumph. But I must answer my friends in Christian soberness, that I am the right *Philalethes*, a lover of truth more then a lover of victory, and of victory more then of triumph;

----satis est prostrâsse leoni.

Onely I will say, not of his Person, but of that Dispensation and Genius in which he is in for the present; *Lo, there lies the contagious spectrum of Ephesus*, which I have discovered to be the pest of rhe Common-wealth of learning, and of humane and divine reason, as much as that demoniacall imposture was the walking plague of that famous city: and now he hath been pelted a little with hard language, as *Apollonius* commanded the *Ephesians* to stone that hypocriticall old *Mendicant* with stones, he appears in the very same shape with him at the uncovering of the heap, that is, an uggly huge black Mastife sprawling for life, and foaming forth abundance of filthy stinking scum, after the manner of mad dogs. And thus have I approv'd my self wise as

Apol-

Apollonius, in discovering imposture; and valiant as *Hercules*, who over-mastered that κυνὰ χαλκεόφωνον, as *Dionysius* calls it, that *brazen-barking Cerberus*.

And now, O men of *Ephesus!* I mean all you that reap the fruit of this noble exploit of mine, rear me up my deserved Trophey, and inscribe this *Tetrastich* upon it, for an everlasting monument of your gratitude to me, and love to the truth:

Religious Heat as yet unpurged quite
From fleshly sense and self, when't makes a stir
About high Myst'ries above Reasons light,
Is at the bottome but a rabid curre.

But that I may conceal nothing from you, O men of *Ephesus*, I must tell you, that whether you rear up this monument, or whether you forbear, all is one. For the truth of these verses is already written in the corner stones of the Universe, and engraven on the lasting pillars of Eternity. Heaven and earth may passe away, but not one tittle of this truth shall passe away. High and windy Notions do but blow up and kindle more fiercely the fire of Hell in the hearts of men. From whence

whence is Pride, and Contention, and bitter Zeal. This is the pest and plague of Mankind, and the succeeding torture of the sons of *Adam*. For while the mind of man catcheth at high things, of which she is uncapable till she be refined and purged, she doth but fire the frame of her little world by her overbusie Motion, which burning in grosse fewel, fills all with smoke. And thus the soul is even smothered and stifled in her narrow mansion. Her first enlargement here must therefore be, by Temperance and Abstemiousnesse: For without this breathing-hole for fresh aire, devotion it self will choak her still more and more, heating her thick and polluted spirits in such sort, that they cannot be sufficiently rectified by the power of the brain. But in this *Dispensation* especially is lodged a strong voice, weak sense, and a rude contempt of any thing that will trouble the head, as Reason, Philosophy, or any but ordinary subtilty in learning. But they love Christ very heartily after their grosse way, as their Protectour and Securer from what outward evil naturally attends so bad an inward condition. But being

being ſo immerſed in brutiſh ſenſe, and yet with conſcience of ſinne; if any body have but the trick to perſwade them that ſinne is but a name, he will be a very welcome Apoſtle to them, and they will find more eaſe to their beaſtly nature, in phanſying nothing to be ſinne, then they did in making their Hypocriticall addreſſes to an offended Saviour. And then (poore ſouls) through the foulneſſe of the fleſh, are they eaſily inveigled into Atheiſme it ſelf. In ſo great danger are we of the moſt miſchievous miſcarriages, by contemning of thoſe known and confeſſed vertues of Temperance, Continence, and Chaſtity.

But we'le ſuppoſe Men in a great meaſure *temperate*; yet how farre off are they ſtill from reall happineſſe in themſelves, or from not diſturbing the happineſſe of others, ſo long as Envy, Ambition, Covetouſneſſe, and Self-reſpect doth ſtill lodge in them? Here indeed Reaſon may happily get a little more elbow-room; but it will be but to be Patron to thoſe vices, and to make good by Argument harſh opinions of God, and peremptorily

rily to conclude the power of Chriſt weaker then the force of ſinne. And the Phanſie in theſe ſomething more refined Spirits, will be more eaſily figurable into various conceits, but very little to the purpoſe. Of which ſome muſt go for ſober Truths, and thoſe that are more fully ſhining, in the midſt of a ſhadowy Melancholiz'd imagination, muſt bid fair for Divine Inſpiration, though neither Miracle nor Reaſon countenance them. But you, O men of *Epheſus*! if any one tell you ſtrange deviſes, and forbid you the uſe of your Reaſon, or the demanding of a Miracle, you will be ſo wiſe as to look upon him as one that would bid you wink with your eyes, that he might the more eaſily give you a box of the Eare, or put his hand into your Pockets.

Now out of this ſecond *Diſpenſation*, innumerable ſwarms of Sects riſe in all the world. For Falſehood and Imagination is infinite; but Truth is one. And the benignitie of the Divine Spirit, having no harbour in all this varietie of religious Pageantry; Envy, Covetouſneſſe, and Ambition muſt needs make them buſtle, and tear all the world in

pieces, if the hand of Providence did not hold them in ſome limits:

Quin laniant mundum; tanta eſt diſcordia fratrum:

as he ſaith of the winds. In this *Diſpenſation* lodgeth Anger and active Zeal concerning Opinions and Ceremonies, Uncertainty and Anxietie touching the purpoſes of God, and a rigid injudicious Auſterity, of which little comes but the frighting men off from Religion: which notwithſtanding if it be had in the truth thereof, is the moſt chearfull and lovely thing in the world. Theſe men having not reached to the Second Covenant, will alſo thank any body that could releaſe them from the Firſt. For whereas true Religion is the great joy and delight of them that attain to it, theirs is but their burden. And ſo it is not impoſſible that theſe may be alſo wound off to the depth of wickedneſſe, and ſink alſo in time even to Atheiſme it ſelf. For what is *reall* in them will work, but what is *imaginary* will prove it ſelf ineffectuall. Wherefore, is it not farre better for men to buſie all their ſtrength in deſtroying thoſe things

things which are so evidently destructive of humane felicity, then to edge their spirits with fiery notions and strange Phantasmes, which pretend indeed to the semblance of deep mysterious knowledge, and divine speculation; but do nothing hinder but that the *black dog* may be at the bottome, as I said before.

But you will ask me, How shall we be rid of the Importunity of the impostures and fooleries of this second Dispensation. But I demand of you, Is there any way imaginable but this? *viz.* To adhere to those things that are uncontrovertedly good and true, and to bestow all that zeal, and all that heat, and all that pains for the acquiring of the simplicity of the life of God, that we do in promoting our own Interest, or needlesse and doubtfull Opinions. And I think it is without controversie true to any that are not degenerate below men, that Temperance is better then Intemperance, Justice then Injustice, Humility then Pride, Love then Hatred, and Mercifulnesse then Crueltie. It is also uncontrovertedly true, that God loves his own I-

mage, and that the propagation of it is the moſt true diſpreading of his glory, as the Light which is the Image of the Sunne, is the glory of the Sunne. Wherefore it is as plainly true, that God is as well willing, as able to reſtore this Image in men, that his glory may ſhine in the world. This therefore is the true Faith, to beleeve that by the power of God in Chriſt, we may reach to the *participation of the Divine Nature*. Which is a ſimple, mild, benigne light, that ſeeks nothing for it ſelf, as it ſelf, but doth tenderly and cordially endeavour the good of All, and rejoyceth in the good of All, and will aſſuredly meet them that keep cloſe to what they plainly in their conſciences are convinced is the leading to it. And I ſay, that ſober Morality, conſcienciouſly kept to, is like the morning light reflected from the higher clouds, and a certain Prodrome of the Sunne of Righteouſneſſe it ſelf. But when he is riſen above the *Horizan* the ſame vertues then ſtream immediately from his viſible body, and they are the very *members of Chriſt* according to the Spirit. And he

that

that is come hither, is *a pillar in the Temple of God* for ever and ever; for he hath reached to the Second Covenant, which he can in no more likelihood break, then lay violent hands on himself to the taking away of his naturall life. Nay, that will be farre more easie then this. For a man may kill himself in a trice, but he cannot extinguish this Divine life without long and miserable torture. If this be to be a Puritane, *Eugenius*, I am a Puritane. But I must tell thee, that by how much more a man precisely takes this way, the more *Independent* he will prove. And the pure simplicity of the life of God revealed in *Jesus Christ*, will shine with so amiable a lustre in his inward mind, that all the most valuable Opinions that are controverted amongst Churches and Sects, will seem no more comely then a fools coat, compared with the uniform Splendour of the Sunne. But if thou meanest by either *Puritane* or *Independent*, one in the second Dispensation, I should dissemble in the presence of Heaven, if I should not say I am above them; as I am above all Sects whatsoever as Sects. For I

am a true and free *Chriſtian*; and what I write and ſpeak is for the Intereſt of Chriſt, and in the behalf of the *life of the Lamb* which is contemned. And his Intereſt is the Intereſt of the ſonnes of men; for he hath no Intereſt but their good and welfare. But becauſe they will not have him to rule, the Nations of the world (by a Divine *Nemeſis*) are given up into the hands of Wolves, Foxes, and Lions: *The earth is full of darkneſſe and cruell habitations.* Wherefore, *Eugenius*, thou doeſt very unskilfully, in endeavouring to tumble me off from the *Independents*, to caſt me amongſt the *Puritanes*, as thou calleſt them. For it is not in thy power to caſt me ſo low as any Sect whatſoever; God hath placed me in a Diſpenſation above them, and wilt thou throw me down? No, *Eugenius*, I ſhine upon them both as the Sunne in the Firmament, who doth not wink on one ſide, or with-draw his Rayes, but looks openly upon all, imparting warmth and light. Thou haſt encountred with a Coloſſe indeed (though thou calleſt me ſo but in ſport and ſcorn) far bigger then that ſtradling Statue at *Rhodes*,

and

and that reacheth far higher. And yet no Statue neither, but one that will ſpeak what nothing but Ignorance and Hypocriſie can denie. Wherefore with my feet lightly ſtanding on the ſhoulders of all the Sects of the earth (for I would not tread hard like a ſtatue to hurt them)& with my head ſtooping down out of the Clouds, I will venture to trie the world with this ſober queſtion. Tell me therefore, O all ye Nations, People,& Kindreds of the earth, what is the reaſon that the world is ſuch a ſtage of miſery to the Sonnes of Men? Is it not from hence, that that which ſhould be their great Guidance, their Religion and higheſt Light of their minds, is but Heat and ſquabbling about ſubtile uncertain points, and fooliſh affectation of high myſteries, while the uncontroverted ſober truths of Vertue and Piety are neglected,and the ſimplicity of the life of God deſpiſed, as a moſt contemptible thing. And I had no ſooner uttered theſe words in my mind, but me thought I heard an Anſwer from all the Quarters of the earth, from Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, like the noiſe of many

waters, or the voice of Thunder, saying, *Amen. Halelujah.* This is true.

Nor is this any vain Enthusiasme, *Philalethes*, but the triumph of the Divine Light in my Rationall Spirit, striking out to my exteriour faculties, my Imagination and Sense. For my head was so filled with the noise, that it felt to me as bound and straitened, as being not able to contain it, and coldnesse & trembling seised upon my flesh. But you will say, All this is but a triviall truth that you are so zealous and triumphant in. But verily, *Eugenius*, is it not better to be zealous about those things that are plainly true, then those that are either uncertain or false? 'Tis true, what I have said to thy soaring soul may seem contemptible. But if thou once hadst the sight of that Principle from whence it came, thou wouldst be suddenly ashamed of that patched clothing of thy soul, stitch'd up of so many unsutable and heedlesse figurations of thy unpurged phansie, and wouldst endeavour to put on that *simple uniform light*.

And now, *Eugenius*, that I find my self in an

an advantageous temper to converse with thee, come a little nearer me, or rather I will come a little nearer to thee. Hitherto I have play'd the part of a personated Enemy with thee, give me leave now to do the office of an open Friend. I perceive there is in you, as you have made it manifest to all the world, an eager desire after Knowledge, and as insatiable thirst after Fame. Both which are to be reputed farre above that dull and earthly proneness of the mind of some men, whose thoughts are bent upon little else but the bed and the board. But I tell thee, that this desire of thine being kindled so high in thy melancholy complexion, there arise these three inconvenieuces from this inordinate heat.

First, thy spirits are so agitated, that thou canst not soberly and cautiously consider the Objects of thy mind, to see what is truly consequent, what not; and so thy reason goes much to wrack.

Secondly, thy melancholy being so highly heated, it makes thee think confidently thou hast a Phantasme or Idea of a thing belonging to this or that word, when thou hast

not

not, which is a kind of inward Phrenſie and anſwers to the ſeeing of outward apparitions when there is nothing before the ſight. Thus art thou defeated in thy deſigne of knowledge, in divine and naturall things by this diſtemper.

But thirdly, the ſame untamed heat cauſeth Boldneſſe, Confidence and Pride. And hence ariſeth thy Imprudence. For I tell thee, *Eugenius*, there is no ſuch imprudent thing in the world as Pride. Wot'ſt thou not what the humour of all men is; how they think themſelves no inconſiderable things in the world? You know the ſtory in *Herodotus*, how when the Greeks had overcome the *Perſians* and after it was debated amongſt them, to whom the ἀριστεία belonged, who ſhould have the honour of being reputed moſt valiant in that ſervice, every one did acknowledge that next to himſelf *Themiſtocles* did beſt. Wherefore it is plain that he that will not let any man go before him provokes all men. Here therefore was thy imprudence, *Eugenius*, that thou wouldſt take the ἀριστεία to thy ſelf without ſo much as any debate or asking leave, when

every

every *Galenist*, *Aristotelian*, *Cartesian*, and *Theosophist*, thinks it belongs to him as much as to thee. Thus hast thou provoked all men against thee, and made ship-wrack of thy fame, as well as fallen short of Learning. But you'le say, why? what would you have me to have done as some others do, who though they be proud, yet put on a handsome dresse of Modesty and squeamish Humility? That I tell thee had been indeed something more like Prudence, which thy raised heat could not stoop to, but I must confesse it had been but a kind of Morall Sneaking. For as the bending down of the upper parts of the body, so that the talnesse of the stature thereof is concealed, is the Sneaking of the body: so to make a mans self more humble then he is, or lesse high-minded, is the Sneaking of the soul. But the first point of wisdome is to be really humble indeed. For, an humble mind is as still as the night, and as clear as the noon-day. So that it is able without any impatiency or prejudice to discern all things, and rightly to judge of all things. This Christian temper is so sober, and wise, that

that no Impoſture can ſurprize it, nor ever will it hurt it ſelf by raſhneſſe and imprudency. This is the heir of God, the treaſury of all humane divine & naturall knowledge, and the delight and praiſe of men where ever it appears. But the inſeparable companions of haughtineſſe, are Ignorance, Shame, and Enmity. But beleeve it, *Eugenius*, as this divine Humility is of more worth, ſo is it of more labour then to find the *Philoſophers ſtone*, or the famous medicine you talk of; I am certain of more conſequence by ten thouſand times. And methinks now at length through all thoſe waves and rufflings of thy diſordered mind, I ſee ſomething at the bottome in thee, O *Eugenius*, that begins to aſſent to what I ſay, that begins to ſhine and ſmile, and look upon me as a very pleaſant Apoſtle, ſent (not without providence) to toy and ſport thee into a more ſober temper, and advertiſe thee of the higheſt good that the ſoul of man is capable of; and thou wilt I am confident very ſuddenly ſay, and that from thy heart, that *better are the wounds of a friend, then the kiſſes of an enemy.* Or if thou

thou canst not yet phansie him a friend that hath worn the vizard of a foe so long, yet I do not mistrust but that thou wilt be so wise, as, according to *Xenophons* Principle, not onely, not to be hurt, but also to be *profited by thine enemy*.

An enemy indeed is not a thing to be emboſomed and embraced, as the *Satyr* would have done the fire when he first saw it, and therefore was forewarned by *Prometheus* to abstain,

Τερπνὸν γένεσθαι ἆρα πειθήσεις σύγε,
Καίει γὰρ ἀφαύρων.

But in the mean time, that which it would pain or consume may by observing the right laws of using it, receive kindly warmth and vigour from it, and work excellent things in virtue of its heat or light.

Did not *Telephus* heal his wound by his enemies spear? And had not *Faſon* his impoſtume cured by that weapon that was meant for his deadly dispatch? You know also the story of *Hiero*, *Eugenius*, who when his enemy had upbraided him with his stinking breath, chid his wife when he came home,

because

becauſe ſhe never had diſcovered it to him all that time of their living together. But ſhe being very honeſt and ſimple, told her husband that ſhe thought all mens breaths ſmelt ſo. You ſee then how much more eaſie it is, to hear what is true concerning us, of our profeſſed Adverſaries, then of our boſome Friends.

But methinks I hear thee anſwer, that neither a boſome Friend nor an embittered Enemy can be competent judges of a mans vices or vertues. For the one would be too favourable, and the other too ſevere. What then? wouldſt thou have ſome Third thing, a mean betwixt both, (according to that known Aphoriſme τὸ μέσον κριτικόν) whom thou mighteſt hope would prove an impartiall judge? why, that's I, *Phil.* whom, I dare ſay thou art confident, to be no friend to thee; and I dare ſwear I am no enemy. And therefore why ſhould I deſpair, but that my fitneſſe and skill may prove as ſucceſſefull in allaying of *Eugenius* his tumour, as that unskilfull hand was lucky in lancing *Faſons* impoſtume.

And being once cured, do not then repine, that

that there was a time wherein thou wast unsound no more then *Alexander* the great, that he was once so little as to be lodged within the narrow compasse of his mothers wombe; Or *Milo* who at length could lift an ox, that he was once so weak that he could not stirre a lamb.

And what think'st thou *Phil.* of *Plato*, *Empedocles*, *Democritus*, *Socrates*, and other profound sages of the World, can you imagine that when they had arrived to that pitch of knowledge, that it was any shame or regret to them, that there was once a time when they knew not one letter of the Alphabet. Why then should my *Eugenius* be troubled, that he was once Childish, Ignorant, Proud and Passionate, when he is well cured of those distempers. We are what we are, and what is past is not, and therefore is not to afflict us. But he that is more anxious concerning Fame then Vertue, and seeks onely to seem a gallant and invincible thing to the world, when in the mean time his mind is very weak and vulnerable, I know my *Eugenius* is so wise, that such a man as this, will

will ſeem as irrationall to him, as if one having by ill chance cut his ſhinne, he ſhould be leſſe ſolicitous about healing of his legge then mending of his ſtocken.

FINIS.

An

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Errata.

Page 106. line 3. read φειδέχθαι.
page 125. line 9. read Deferents.
page 145. line 7. read glaſſe.
page 147. line 23. for, in the higheſt, read, the higheſt.
page 160. line 20. read χρισμένοι.
page 177. line 3, 4. read, kind of attractive.